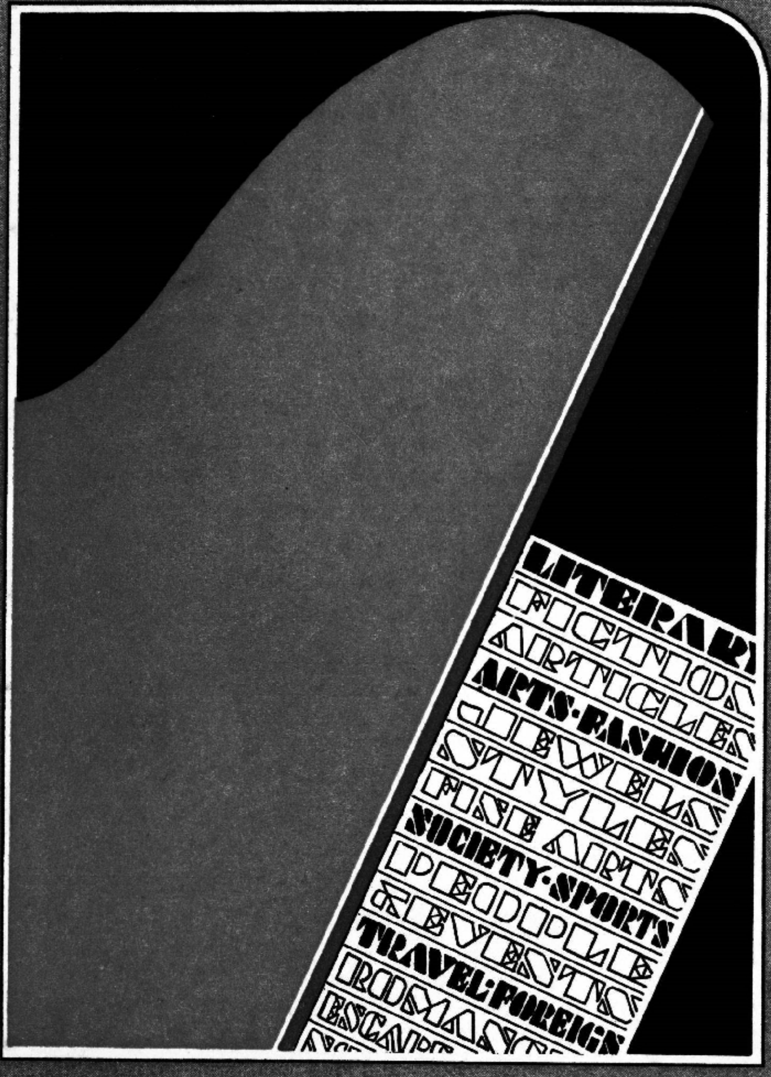
APÉRITIF


LITERARY
FICTION
ARTICLES
ARTS·FASHION
JEWELS
STYLES
FINE ARTS
SOCIETY·SPORTS
PEOPLE
&EVENTS
TRAVEL·FOREIGN
ROMANCE
ESCAPE

In this Issue:

SAROYAN
OPPEN
LEVEILLE
BODRERO
KLYNE
KERN
GESSLER

AUGUST, 1936

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Its Name Is

SPIRAL BINDING

Either through stenographers' notebooks, magazines, catalogs or programs of some sort, you have met this revolutionizing process. You have probably wondered what it was called—and so that its name may be in your mind when discussing its convenience with your friends, we mention it again:

SPIRAL BINDING

We are glad to hear people talk of our product—its newness, its smartness and the pleasure it adds to your reading cannot but arouse interest.

If you happen to think of any book which you did not enjoy because you could hardly open it—if at any time a program dimmed your pleasure because a page slipped back suddenly while you were trying to find the name of the artist you were admiring—if you gave up a catalog because the object you were trying to locate was hidden in between two pages—think of Spiral Binding. Think what Spiral Binding could have done for you—for your complete reading pleasure—what a valuable help it would have been to you.

Ask for it on your favorite magazine—inquire whether it would be possible to have that certain catalog bound this new way.

Spiral Binding is manufactured exclusively under U. S. Patents Nos. 1516932, 1942026, 1985776. Owned by the Spiral Binding Co. Other patents pending.

SPIRAL BINDING
appreciates your friendship

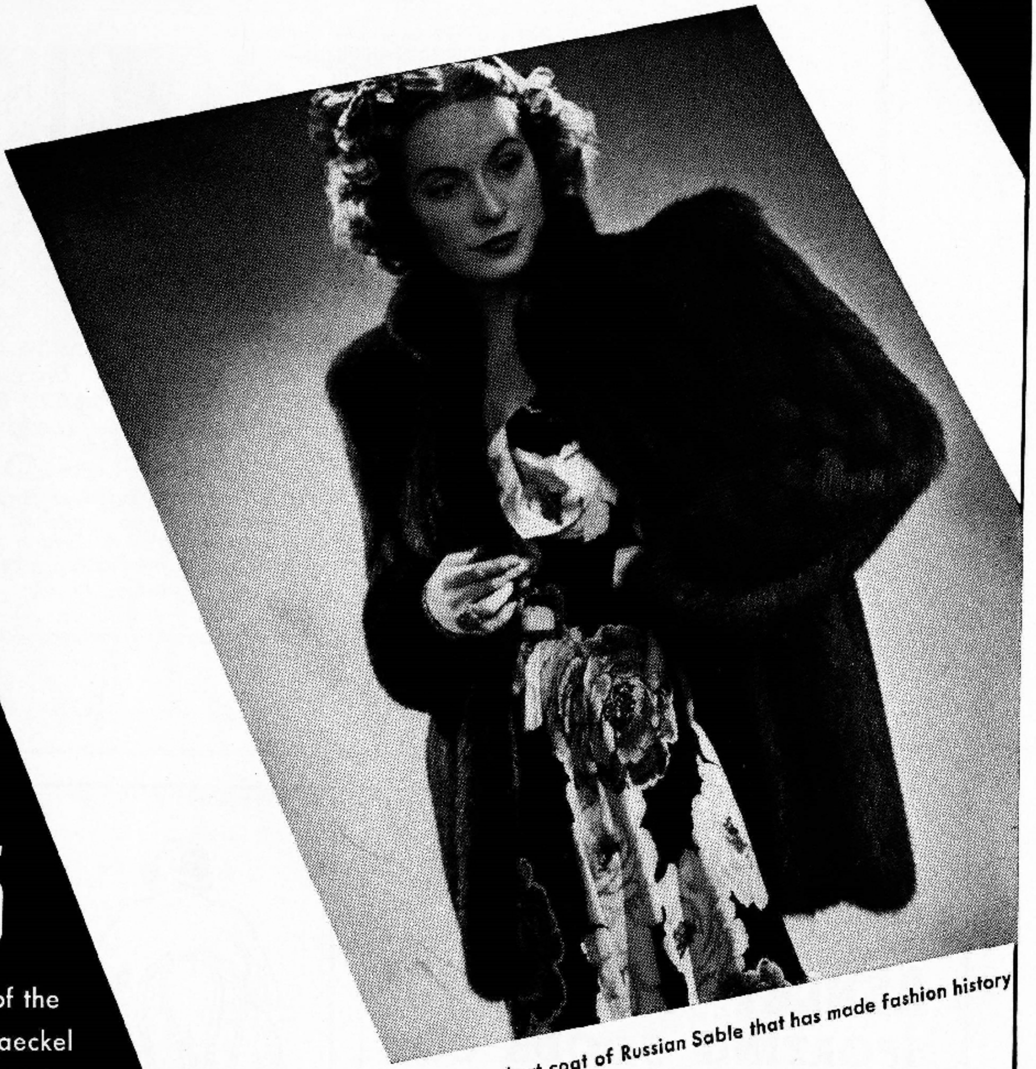
SPIRAL BINDING COMPANY

Pacific Coast Division:
1220 Maple Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Main Office:
148 Lafayette Street
NEW YORK CITY

San Francisco Branch:
511 Howard Street
T. J. CARDOZA CO., LTD.

CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • HOLYOKE • ST. LOUIS



Jaeckel's short coat of Russian Sable that has made fashion history

July 15

to July 28 is the date of the first showing of the Jaeckel collection at our own shop in Los Angeles. Mr. Richard Jaeckel will personally present the new winter fur fashions and Paris imports supplemented by a special collection of gowns and sport dresses by Stanley Korshak of Chicago. In New York, of course, the new season pelt collection and important new models await your selection as always.

FUR COATS
FUR CAPES
FUR SCARFS
CLOTH COATS
EVENING WRAPS

8660 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES **Jaeckel** 546 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CROWN THIST
THE LION

FRANCES DOUD at the Crown and Thistle at Number 24
El Paseo de la Guerra

Selleth

All sorts of fine Sportswear for Ladies and Gentlemen, & also tayloreth all sorts of English, Irish & Scotch woolens for most fashionable sutes & Wasteoats & Topcoates & all such.

Beach Apparel
Kennel Supplies

ASHLEY WESTLUND
SPORTING GOODS CO.

1121 STATE STREET
SANTA BARBARA

Complete Line of
Athletic Equipment
Lawn and Garden
Furniture

Let's sit down
and FIGURE
THIS OUT

APERITIF is the only Class Magazine giving exclusive coverage of the eleven Western states . . . the best in sports, society, fashions, art, fiction, and features . . . spiral bound for your convenience . . . and the subscription price is still only **$2.50 per year.**

Maximilian • Baron von Romberg, Publisher
Emily • Baroness von Romberg, Editor

Aperitif

APERITIF MAGAZINE: Published monthly at Santa Barbara, California, by Aperitif, Incorporated, under the management of R. L. Hancock and Staff. Stanton Delaplane, Managing Editor. Benton D. Schafer, Associate Editor. Philip Chancellor, Photo-Illustrator. Subscription rates $2.50 a year; foreign, $3.00; single copies, 25c. Contents copyright 1936. Entered as second class matter July 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Santa Barbara, Calif., under the act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to Aperitif, Inc., P.O. Box 354, Santa Barbara, Calif.

CONTENTS

Page
THE MONTH IN SPOTS—By James Conlon......... 4
THE GREAT LADY KICKER—By William Saroyan.... 6
SPRING, ADAPTED—By Jane Shortall............. 8
NUTS TO YOU—By Ben Schafer................. 9
THE CASE OF THE STUBBORN CLERGYMAN—By Don Kern.................................. 10
ONLY REGRETS—By Ann Klyne................. 11
JUNE OPPEN.................................. 12

ARTS—FASHIONS

SAGA OF THE D. T.'s—By R. DeWitt Miller......... 13
HEADLINES AND FOOTNOTES FOR FALL.......... 14
STAR LIGHT STAR BRIGHT—By George Brock...... 16
TOWARD A NATIONAL DEFENSE—By Peter Abenheim 17
AH SIN—By Rosalie D. Leveille................. 18
ADVANCE FASHIONS........................... 20
A MODERN COIFFURE—By Perc Westmore......... 22

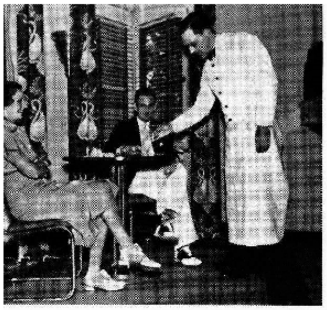
SOCIETY—SPORTS

DOGS—By Jack Morris......................... 25
BABBLINGS—By the Brat...................... 27
AT YOUR SERVICE—By L. L. Hugo............... 29
FURS.. 30
NEW YORK INTERLUDE—By Barbara (N. Y.) Boston 32
SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK—By James Abbott.... 34
SOCIETY CALENDAR........................... 35

TRAVEL—FOREIGN

RAPA WELCOME—By Clifford Gessler............. 38
ENSENADA—By William Hughes.................. 40
RENO IMPRESSIONS—By Robert Caples........... 42
REVERSE AND CANTER, PLEASE—By Covert........ 44
¡FIESTA!.................................... 45

Volume Two—Number Six **July-August Issue**



THE MONTH

by James Conlon

SANTA BARBARA

La Cantina. Intimate and cozy. Arresting Spanish settings. Unexcelled liquors and cocktails. At the Hotel Mar Monte by the sea.

Sheetz. Cocktails. Piano and songs. 1113 State.

The Century Room. Dancing and an entertaining orchestra. Afternoon tea-dancing in the Patio. At the Biltmore Hotel.

Casa de Sevilla. Spanish food. Cocktails. 428 Chapala.

Top Hat. Cocktails. 8 East Carrillo.

El Cortijo. Dining, dancing and cocktails. On the Coast Highway, Montecito.

Redwood Lodge. Unique. Jack Robertson mixes, serves, sings and plays his banjo. He'll dance if you press him. At the Edgecliff Club.

Melody Lane. Cocktails. Piano and songs. Beside the Lobero Theatre.

The Plantation. Southern kitchen. Cocktails. Dancing. 19 East Figueroa.

Cuba. Newest of nite-spots. Sea foods, cocktails and dancing. At Sabella's on Cabrillo Blvd.

El Paseo. Featuring Spanish music and songs. Good food and cocktails. At the De la Guerra Studios.

Fiesta Room. Cocktails. At the Barbara Hotel.

The Garden Room. Dancing and entertainment. At the Carrillo Hotel.

For Festivity in SAN FRANCISCO

(Nite-spots with food, dancing, cocktails and entertainment.)

French Casino. Distinctive. Spacious. At the Club Deauville. 168 O'Farrell.

Club Cairo. Oriental settings. Excellent food. 77 Broadway.

The Royal Hawaiian. One of the liveliest in town. Smart floor shows. 54 Mason.

Izzy Gomez. One of those places. But you'll find everybody there. 848 Pacific.

The Music Box. Elegant. Decorated in French royalist style. Entertainment charge after 9, 50c; worth it. 859 O'Farrell.

The Circus Bar. Swank afternoon crowds. Cocktails. At the Fairmont Hotel. California and Mason.

Rose Room. Cocktails. At the Palace Hotel. Market and New Montgomery.

Bal Tabarin. Cozy. Excellent entertainment and music. Columbus and Chestnut.

Club 450. Cocktails. At exactly 450 Geary.

Club Moderne. Good show, good food and Bobby Anderson to make things interesting. 555 Sutter.

El Prado. Cocktails. Afternoon dancing only. At the Hotel Plaza. Post and Stockton.

Stergio's. The old Club Tahiti. Rum punches and Tahitian music. 142 Francisco.

CARMEL By the Sea

Whitney's. Cocktail lounge and food. The Coast's most distinctive bar.

MONTEREY

The Rendezvous. Food and cocktails. Excellent music. At the San Carlos Hotel.

DEL MONTE

Copper Cup Room. Cocktails. Dancing in the Bali Room. At the Hotel Del Monte.

24-HOUR SERVICE

New 1936
BUICKS
OLDS
PONTIAC
"EIGHTS"
and yet
BLUEBIRD TAXIS
cost no more
Phone 9-2222
Santa Barbara

Albert
Sheetz
COCKTAIL
LOUNGE
AND
RESTAURANT
San Marcos Court

SANTA BARBARA
Phone 21839

Call
EDDIE
FOXEN
AT 25984
★
BUDWEISER BEER
SHASTA WATER
★
MOUNTAIN
DISTRIBUTING CO.
1814 Conejo Road
Santa Barbara

HOT eat SPOT
900 COAST HIGHWAY
We Deliver
PHONE 92606
CAR SERVICE + OPEN TILL 3 A. M.
MONTECITO

The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR
"COCOANUT GROVE"

Finest Dance Orchestras . . . Merriest of Night Life . . . Recognized Rendezvous of the Sophisticates of Hollywood and Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR

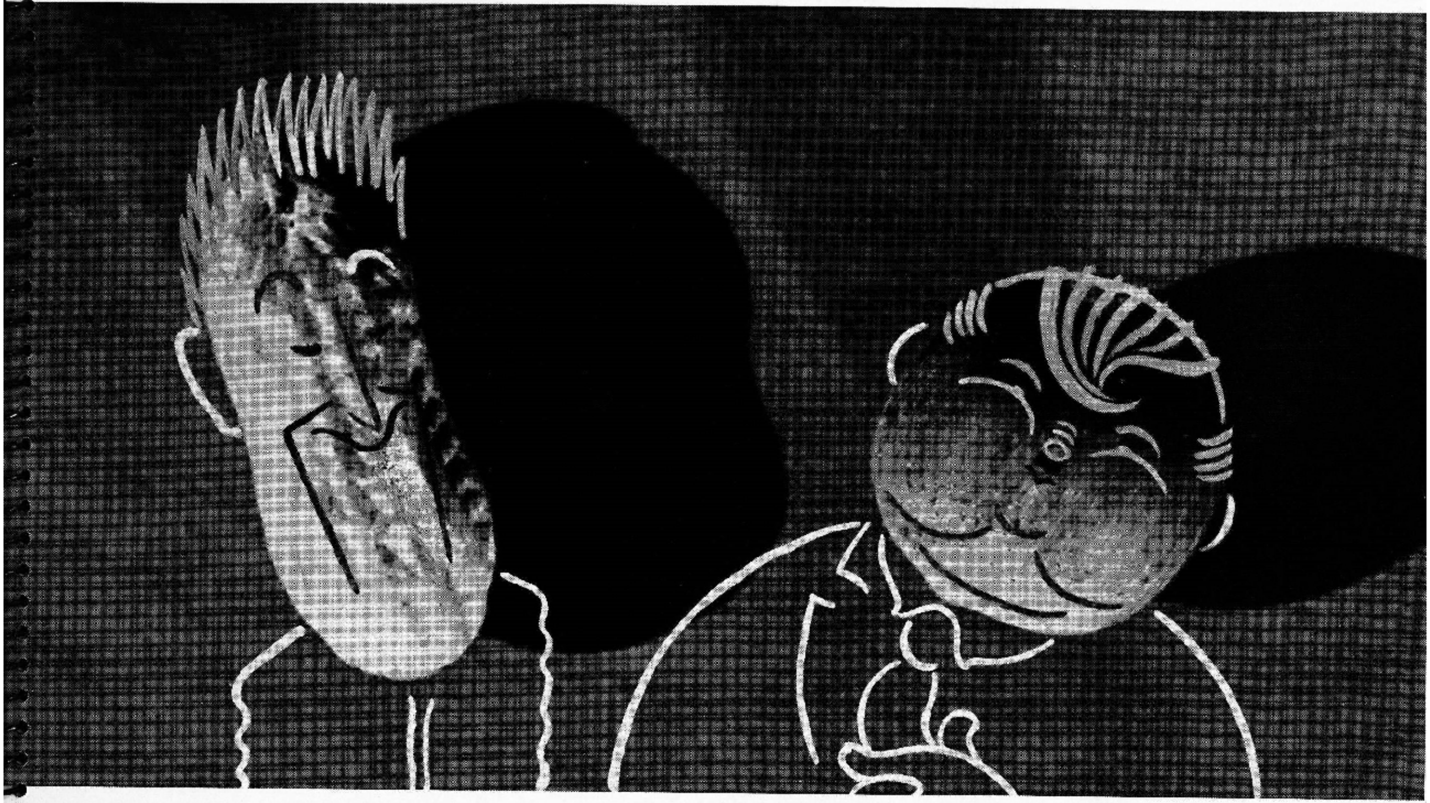
A 22-acre Playground in the heart of a Great City . . . A Home-like Hotel, renowned for its Service and its amazingly varied entertainment.

3400 Wilshire Blvd.

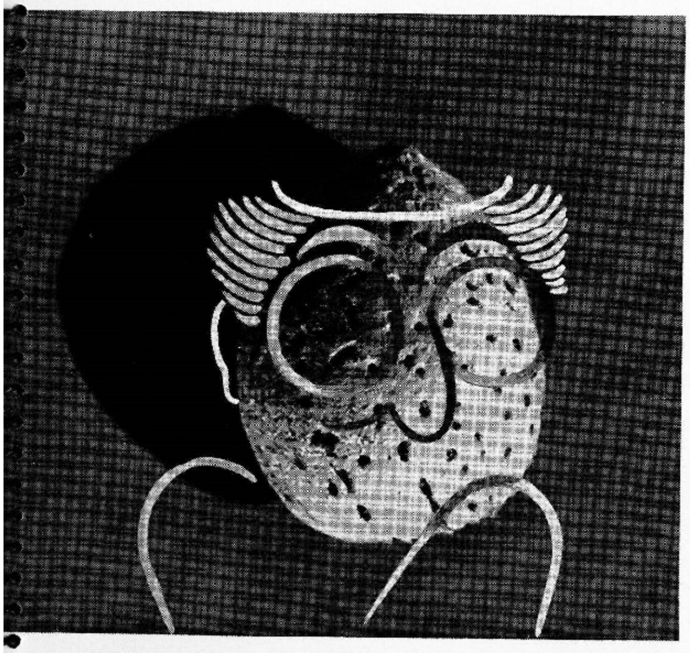
JOHN L. RAMBOZ, *Pres.* BEN L. FRANK, *Gen. Mgr.*

NUTS TO YOU!

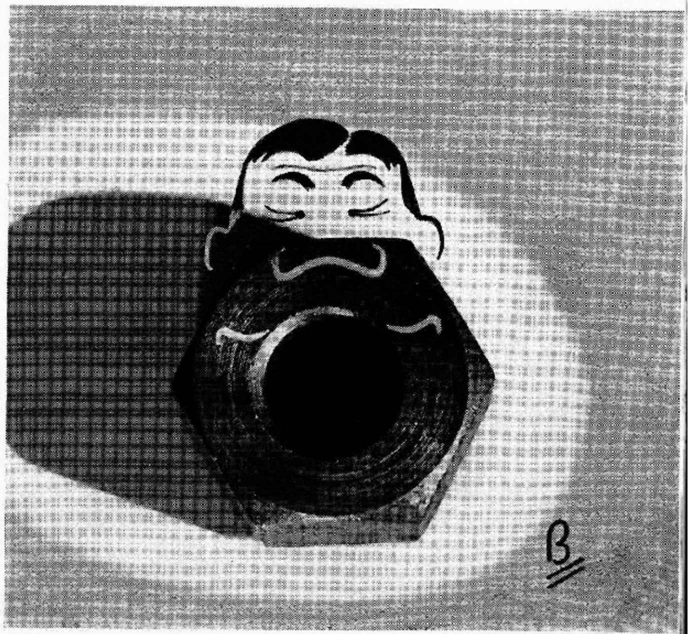
. . . in which Mr. Schafer, with a jaundiced eye, three photos, and a few daft strokes of the brush, shows what he thinks these little boys are made of.



LAUREL and HARDY



ED WYNN



JOE E. BROWN

THE CASE OF THE STUBBORN CLERGYMAN

by DON KERN

Owing to the infidel separation of church from state which prevails to some extent in this country, we are deprived of the amusing insanities of ecclesiastical courts. But then, we may console ourselves with the thought that the Mother Country has no House of Representatives.

Today, ritualism is not in bad odor; but, not so very long ago, the "high churchman" was harried without mercy by the more conservative members of his flock, who did not scruple to go to law when the shepherd evinced an undue fondness for popish ceremonials and ultra-ecclesiastical bric-a-brac.

Such was the failing of the Reverend Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, "clerk in holy orders in the church of England, late vicar of Saint Michael and All Angels, and present (*sic*) incumbent of St. Albans." His case, 37 *L. J. R. (N. S.) Ec. Cases* 17, demonstrates that, any way you look at it, the Reverend Mackonochie was a tough customer.

He was charged by a round-head fellow, one John Martin, with "having, during the prayer of consecration in the order of the administration of the holy communion, knelt before the elements, and also, with using lighted candles on the communion table during the celebration of the communion, when such candles were not needed for giving light; also with elevating the paten and cup above his head, with using incense, and with mixing water with the wine."

The lower court, in the argot of ecclesiastical tribunals, "monished" Mackonochie for all these enormities save the kneeling and the candles, but declined to give costs. Martin appealed from the refusals to monish to the privy council (mainly, one suspects, on the question of costs.)

The report of the appeal—38 *L. J. R. (N. S.) Ec. Cas.* 1—makes excellent reading for the unregenerate. The court held that "the priest is intended by rubric to remain in one position during the prayer, and not to change from standing to kneeling, or *vice versa;* that he is intended to stand and not kneel; that the candles, as a ceremony, are unlawful, having been abrogated; that the lighted candles are not ornaments within the meaning of the rubric." Alexander fought manfully for his candles. He claimed that they had been in use since 1100—not, of course, these particular candles, but candles *as* candles. The court, however, found the doctrine of ancient lights inapplicable in this particular case. And their lordships, with due regard for the dignity of the law, advised Her Majesty that the clergyman should pay the round-head's costs. Thus was the Reverend Alexander Heriot Mackonochie confounded—but not for long—not Mackonochie. He scanned the monitions with the idea of giving them no more than a literal obedience. Then, fortified by his interpretation, he ceased "to elevate the elements above his head"—he elevated them only as high as his head. He blew out the candles just before communion. He ceased to kneel—instead, he bent one knee to the ground. Wily was the word for Mackonochie.

But if Alexander was stubborn, so, too, was Martin, who followed the vicar up remorselessly and moved the privy council to enforce obedience to its monitions—39 *L. J. R. (N. S.) Ec. Cas.* 11.

The ingenious incumbent of St. Albans conducted his defense *in propria persona,* and confounded the court with a dictionary. "Kneeling," he quoted from Bailey's august lexicon, "is defined as 'to bear oneself upon the knees'." He enlarged upon this point, but the court refused to reverse itself. Genuflection, it held, was a variety of kneeling, and the defendant's peculiar evasion left him but one leg to stand on in physics and none at all in law. As for the candles—the court decided that the blowing-out was tricky but legal. In conclusion, the court ruled that the point relative to the elevation of the elements had not been properly presented. So they benignly advised Alexander to go and sin no more—and assessed Martin for costs!

Martin's wrath was wondrous to behold, but he had no choice save to pay. He paid, but he vowed vengeance. It was not, he said, the money, but the principle of the thing. From then on, there was no more regular church-goer at St. Albans than the angry puritan. He watched the vicar like a hawk, ready to spring into action at any fresh violation of the monition of the reverend caviler.

He had not long to wait. Mackonochie fell by the wayside, and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," Martin was off hell-bent for the privy council. Aleck, he cried, had given up genuflections and had taken to bowing low. Instead of "lifting up the paten with the bread thereon," he left the paten on the altar and lifted the bread alone. Having been forbidden to use candles, he confined himself to a—one—candle. Such was the ilk of Mackonochie: bulwarked with a dictionary and a grammar, he was capable of any enormity. Small wonder that Martin was wroth. Was this, he demanded, cricket? Was it British?

The privy council was, by this time, getting a bit fed up on this ecclesiastical *cause peu célèbre,* and, what was more, it was probably becoming a bit of a bore trying to remember who had last paid costs. Something radical was indicated, and Mackonochie was the victim. The reverend vicar was given short shrift. They amerced the stubborn fellow in costs and, to put an end, for a season at least, to his uncanonical capers, he was suspended from office for three months.

At this point we leave the Reverend Alexander Heriot Mackonochie. We leave him with nothing to hold up but his hands, and with full liberty to bow his head if he has any shame left.

Our annual August Sale offers an opportunity to purchase your new fur coat at the lowest price of the year.

Many of our city's discerning women have placed their faith in our ability to provide exclusively designed fur garments of authentic styles at moderate prices.

Our fur coats are made of the finest selected pelts . . . enhanced by the seasons newest modes . . . and under the personal supervision of N. Teitelbaum the craftsmanship is unexcelled.

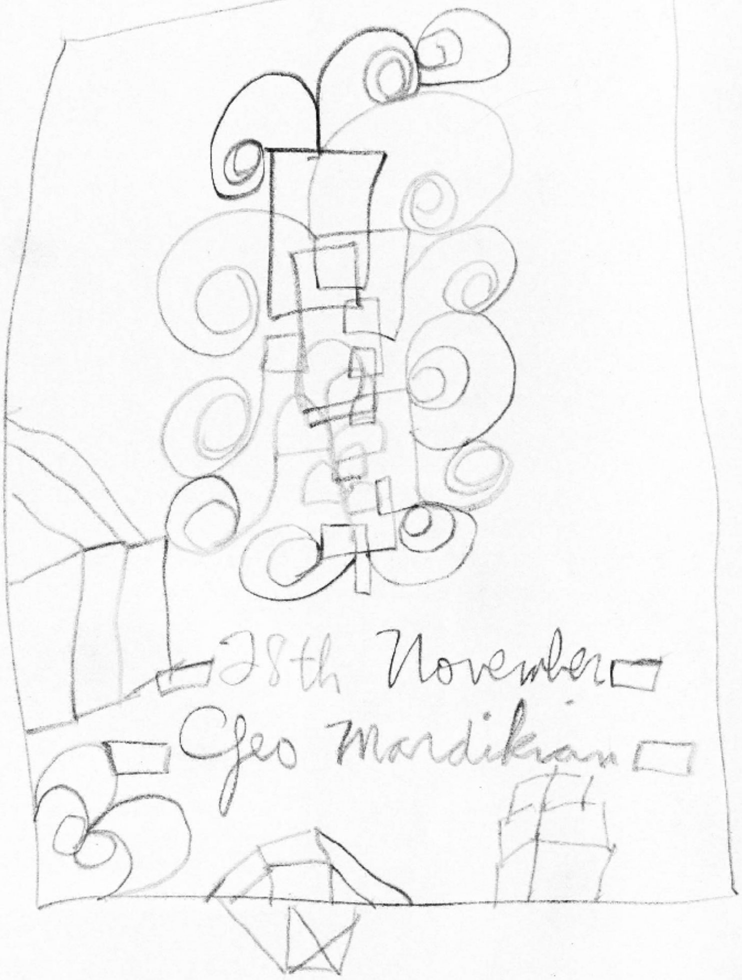
N. TEITELBAUM COMPANY

FURRIERS

6922 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD
OPPOSITE CHINESE THEATRE

HOLLYWOOD'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED FURRIERS

Budget Shop, 1632 North Vine Street, Next to Brown Derby


28th November
Geo Mardikian

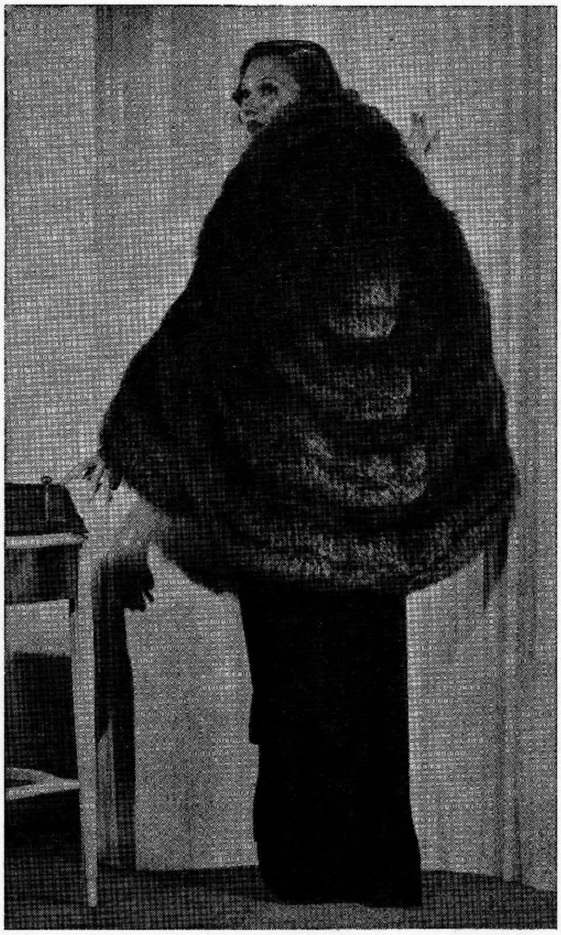
APÉRITIF

FASHIONS

ARTS

Furs

by FUHRMAN'S



This stunning silver fox, recently designed by Mrs. Bernard Fuhrman, and so attractively displayed by lovely Astrid Allwyn of Fox studios, may be worn either as a cape or coat and characterizes the season's smartest showings.

New Creations by Fuhrman display sparkling individuality and charm which will delight the most discriminating taste.

Newly-expanded quarters and modernized cold storage vaults enable Fuhrman's to offer unsurpassed facilities for the complete care of fine furs.

FUHRMAN'S

FOR FINE FURS

1440 N. WESTERN AVE.
(COR. SUNSET AND WESTERN)
HOLLYWOOD HE 2323

BABKA FURRIERS AND TAILORS

Special Summer Rates

BABKA

FUR GARMENTS

CLEANED
REPAIRED
RESTYLED

Anacapa Entrance • El Paseo
Santa Barbara

Men's Wear

RAY E. DENNO, Ltd.
1218 STATE ST. SANTA BARBARA

Mary Lou Brown

● CUSTOM BUILT CLOTHES FOR WOMEN

Mihran Studio No. 9
E. Carrillo St. Santa Barbara
Phone 23061

KARL OBERT
PHOTOGRAPHER
International Reputation

NOW LOCATED AT
1020 STATE ST.
SANTA BARBARA

EVERYTHING IN PHOTOGRAPHY

High-Class Commercial Work . . . Copies of All Kinds . . . Portraits, Picture Framing, Kodak Finishing . . . Photo Supplies . . . Specializing in House and Garden Pictorial Pictures

PRIZE WINNERS OF MANY COUNTRIES

Here you will find what fashion dictates for a man's summer wardrobe

Roy E. Gammill

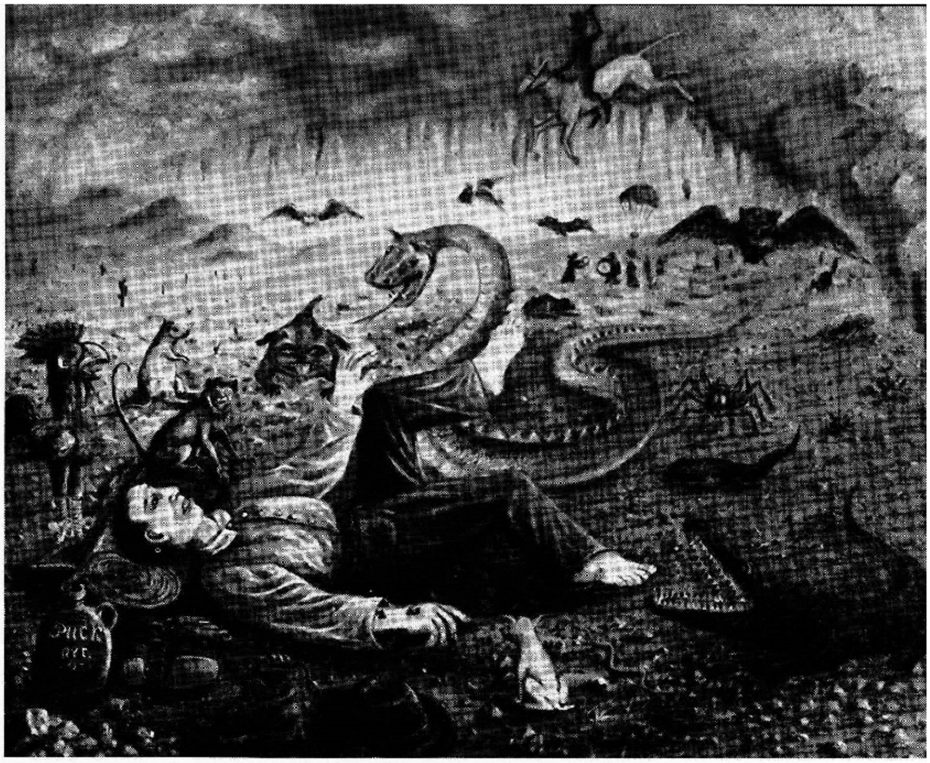
Santa Barbara

★ Haberdasher Clothier Hatter

1008 STATE STREET • SANTA BARBARA, CALIF. • PH. 24790

SAGA of the D.T.'s

By R. DeWitt Miller



The sun-scorched mining town of Mojave possesses one of the world's strangest paintings—a saga of the D. T.'s.

Mojave is not exactly *proud* of possessing this painting. The painting occupies a position half way between a public disgrace and a poor investment. There is something indecently stark about it. So frank a treatment of the denizens of the alcoholic realm offends both the W. C. T. U., and the local drunkards. All in all, the painting is something of a problem.

So this unique and powerful piece of one hundred per cent American art has been relegated to a suitably secluded place where it has become a recreational spot for spiders, and small, scurrying scorpions which find the subject matter to their taste.

But in the minds of the old inhabitants of Mojave lingers a tale as fantastic as desert moonlight. It is a tale of a haunted man, of art on a spree, and psychology gone wild. It is the story of Mojave's single work of art—and the man who painted it.

He came to Mojave drunk as a lord, and he left Mojave drunk as a lord. During his brief stay in town he was sober once—having run out of money.

To solve this financial problem he painted the picture. His patron was a saloon keeper. His masterpiece was hung behind the bar. When his money was gone again, he disappeared among the desert's twisted Joshua trees.

But he left behind, as an eternal gesture of nose-thumbing at the demons of the D. T. realm, a painting such as the world had never seen before.

Across the horrible green canvas walk all the legendary monsters which lurk in the last bottle. From the giant blue snake to the human-faced monkey, they are all there. They stalk, and squat, and fly just as they have done in the denouement of a thousand sprees.

There is an unnamed green thing with the body of a lizard. It will receive its just title when a few new adjectives are invented. There is a cock with a golden comb. There are spiders in assorted colors and sizes. Some crawl about the arms and hands of their creator, some stand back in the green haze and stare at him with leering eyes.

In the background are baked desert hills. Their shape has a startling resemblance to those beneath which squats Mojave. Those hills were the scene of the fabulous gold strike made last year when the Silver Queen was discovered and eventually sold for three and a half million dollars.

It was the first gold rush in 1900 that brought the unknown artist to Mojave. Whatever his name was, he was careful not to mention it. His weird masterpiece is unsigned. He came and went, and the inscrutable desert moonlight swallowed him up. Anyway, that's the story they tell in Mojave—that he walked out on the desert when the moon was full and the Joshuas stood blackly against a silver world.

They tell also that he was haunted—haunted by the echo of something that he found necessary to obliterate with alcohol. Certainly he got gloriously, marvelously, unbelievably swacked on rye and desert moonlight—and that ends it.

And a red devil on a white horse. He is assuredly in the wrong mythology. He belongs among the ecclesiastical monsters, not the alcoholic. Maybe he is part of the tribe of demons the artist met on dark nights of repentance.

There's a Salvation Army group just under the devil. In fact, there's a whole line of singers fading away into the green haze. One of them beats the big drum, and a woman shakes a tambourine. Salvation Armies have turned up in odd places—but turning up between a lavender owl and a flying hatchet is too much. On second thought, it would be better not to let the psychologist see the picture at all. He'd probably go nuts from too much data. Salvation Armies and winged beer mugs trouping out of the same subconscious mind would be hard on any psychologist.

Above the line of singers is a balloon ascension. Why should a confirmed alcoholic struggling with monsters on the Mojave desert be concerned with a balloon ascension? Possibly he was an ex-balloonist. They would tell you that story in Mojave, only they haven't thought of it. There's a parachute next to the balloon. The fellow must have had a pretty advanced knowledge of aeronautics. The parachute wasn't in the common man's D. T.'s at the turn of the century.

In one corner of the canvas is a wide open space where lurk none of the fantastic cup companions. Here is only vacant, silent desert dotted with weird cacti. Maybe that was what haunted him—just the desert with its modernistic plants that foreshadow the fate of a dying, waterless world. Maybe it was the desert moonlight, and not the rye, that finally got him. It has gotten other men.

Whoever he was and wherever he came from, he was certainly no bungler with paint. The cracked and dusty canvas is the work of no second-rate artist. There is a sureness of line, a correctness of perspective, and a vital realism that are not the crudity of the awkward novice.

He painted the entire picture in a single night of frenzied work. All the old-timers agree on that. He assembled his paints on a table in the saloon. Beside the paints was a row of straight whiskies. Then he began to paint.

In the flickering yellow light of the swinging oil lamp the miners watched him, leaning over his shoulder, suggesting, commenting on this or on that monster.

"Hell yes! I've seen that thar one often. Only he had a longer tail."

"Say, reckon I've got one that you might use. I seen him the night the Elephant Eagle mine was found. He was a tricky damn bastard. I can't quite get the right words to describe him. Guess I'll have to draw him for you!"

He painted all night and the straight whiskies dwindled with the hours. At dawn they were gone and the painting was done. An unsteady committee stumbled across the room with it and hung it over the bar.

And there it remained for twenty years while the mines slowly petered out. Finally prohibition came. The painting passed into the hands of a mysterious Miss Smith. It wasn't a parlor piece, so she asked one Joe Stivers to keep it.

Stiver's operated a garage, which boasted, among other things, a rather conventional sign, *Ladies Rest Room.* Beside the sign was a door. But the sign was deceiving. The door actually led to a narrow front room, in the center of which was a smaller room. This inner sanctum fulfilled the specifications of the sign. The larger room wasn't used for anything. On one side was a large window, and on the other a corresponding area of blank space. Mr. Stivers drove two nails in the blank wall, and there he hung the painting.

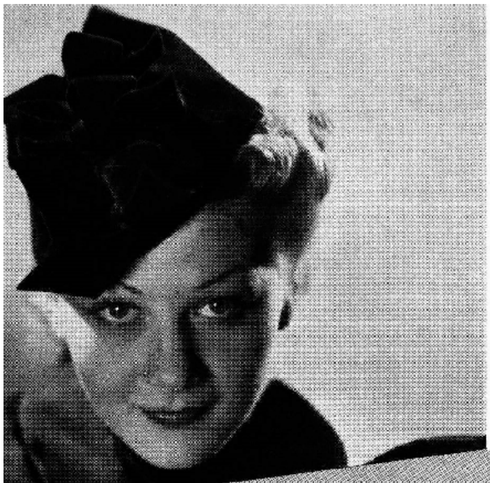
So the great experiment in immortalizing the inhabitants of the alcoholic world is marooned in that dust-laden little room.

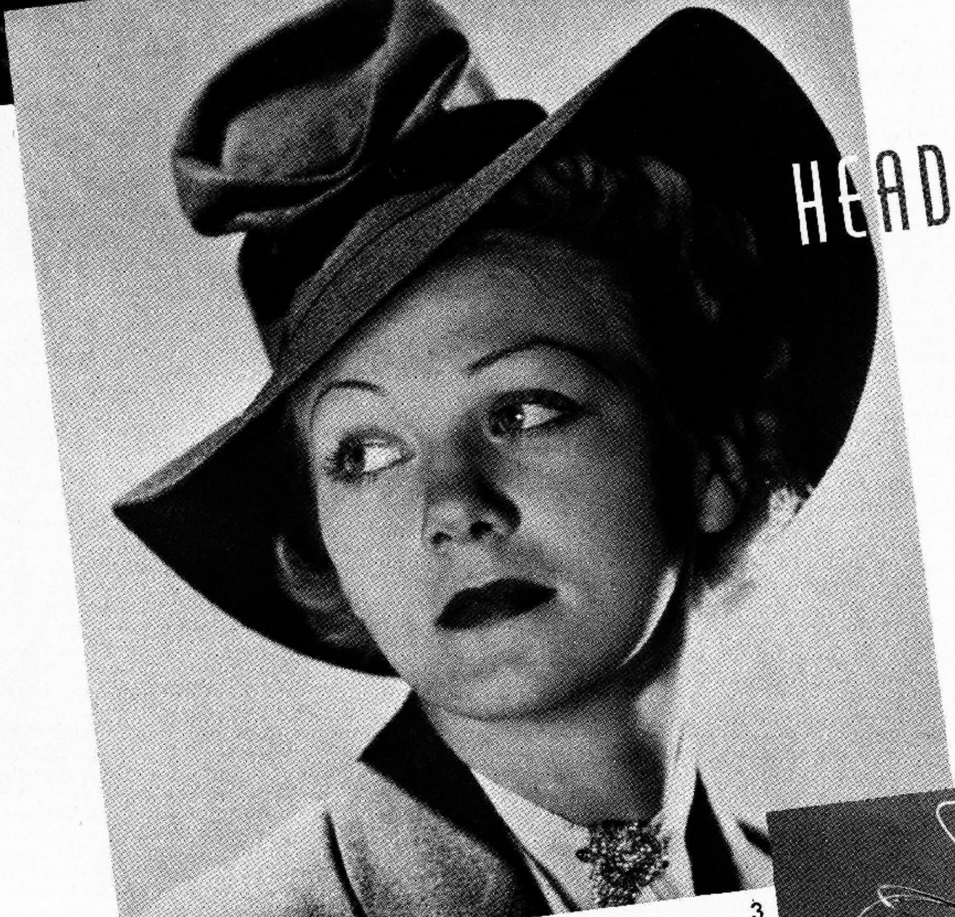
Other painters have covered miles of patient canvas with representations of the nude female figure in every possible position. Still other smearers in oil have sat cow-eyed among the wonders of nature and recorded the rhythm of trees and the expressions of rabbits.

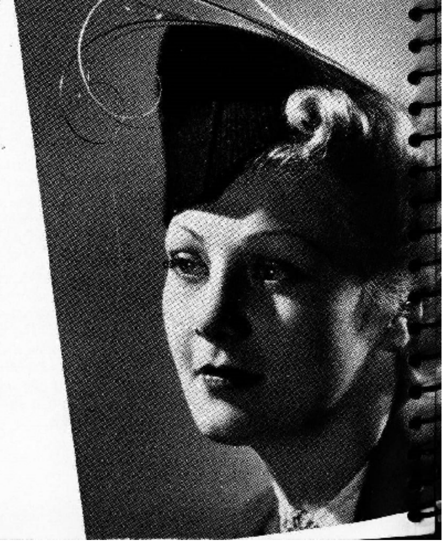
One artist had the courage to invade the ghoul-haunted realm of the pink and green monsters, and place on canvas a species that, in this feminized era, is fast dying out.

And his work is relegated to a place where practically its only critics are hurried females who meet it face to face on the way to that other little room, which the sign so succinctly describes.

HEADLINES


1


2


3

1. Hat lines are influenced by hair lines - - thus Lilly Dache designs a felt turban to conform to the lines of the new brushed-up coiffures.

2. A curving brim, a collapsible crown - - a hat of unmistakable chic. Prophetic of the new fall trend toward higher crowns. By Lilly Dache.

3. Over this diminutive toque of stitched fabric curl bright quills. Lilly Dache's smart contribution to the new forward movement in hats.

1

AND FOOTNOTES FOR FALL

2

3

1. Up in front, down at sides - - new formula for fall chic in shoes. Witness this Delman sandal in suede with patent ladder climbing high.

2. Suede leaves, stitched in contrasting color, are placed low on the vamp of Delman's classic opera pump to shorten the lines of the foot.

3. A distinctive afternoon pump by Delman. In suede, with the high tongue and instep detail perforated to show a contrasting underlay.

4. The perfect town shoe - - Delman's broad strap model - - effectively combines the rich fall tones in suede with calf in contrasting color.

ALL HATS AND SHOES FROM RANSOHOFFS, SAN FRANCISCO

4

STAR LIGHT STAR BRIGHT

by George Brock

"A gem that owes its beauty to
No lapidary's art
But to the marvel of a star
Imprisoned in its heart."

Fascinating, legendary India, filled with baffling mysteries, is the birthplace of two lovely gems which have been held in deep veneration since the time of the ancients—the Star Sapphire and the Star Ruby. And modern knowledge only increases their mystic beauty.

In the depth of their crystalline structure is the secret of a living white six-pointed star. As the stone is turned, with its fascinating play of color, there appears in the depth a star of white light, whose three crossbars, according to tradition, represent faith, hope and charity.

Not all sapphires and rubies have stars. Nature, from her generous bounty, has endowed only some of these stones with this elusive quality. The star is revealed only after the stone is cut and polished.

The mystery of the star is heightened by the fact that, if a large star stone which has been cut and polished to show a star be cut into four pieces, and if each piece be again shaped and polished, each smaller gem will display a star. The cause of the star has never been scientifically determined.

Probably the most historic star stone was the large star sapphire of the great traveler in the Orient, Sir Richard Francis Burton. The fame of its marvelous beauty preceded him wherever he went, assuring him good horses and prompt service upon his arrival, in return for which the natives would receive a glimpse of the gem stone.

Another famous star sapphire, known throughout the world to gem collectors, is the "Star of India," purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan and presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Weighing 543 carats, it is most remarkable for both size and perfection of star.

Star sapphires vary in color from palest grey to deepest indigo, the most esteemed tint being that of the blue cornflower. Under artificial light some blue sapphires appear lavender.

Star rubies range from deep cochineal to pale rose-red, in some cases with a tinge of purple, the most valued color being identified by experts as pigeon's blood. Star rubies of fine color and quality are of infrequent occurrence, and gems over twenty carats in weight are especially rare.

With many other gem-stones, star sapphires occur as pebbles or rolled crystals in alluvial deposits of sand and gravel. The finest quality star sapphires come from Ceylon and Burma, where the gem-bearing stratum of gravel is known locally as illam.

These gem-bearing strata are usually located by boring down into the ground with an iron rod. The rod is twisted as it is forced into the ground, and at intervals taken out for examination. When scratches appear on the bottom of the rod, the searchers know that they have struck sapphire-bearing gravel.

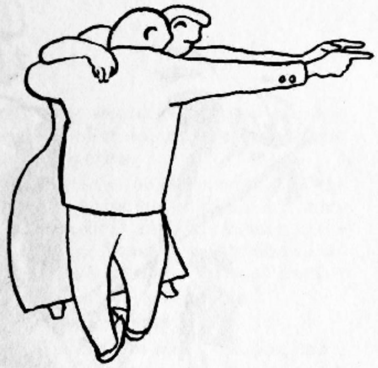
Primitive operations are still used in the actual mining. When the gem-bearing stratum is located, a small shaft is dug just large enough to accommodate a miner. Down at the base of that shaft, often sixty and seventy feet below the surface of the ground, the miner spends his day filling and re-filling a basket with the illam. A crude windlass raises each basket-load of gravel to the surface, where it is dumped into a pile and sluiced with water. The natural crystals are then carefully sorted.

The greatest portion of the world's supply of star rubies comes from Upper Burma, in the vicinity of the Mogok Valley. Here the rubies occur in bands of a crystalline limestone. Thirty-five years ago modern machinery and engineering equipment were introduced to work the ruby mines, but the operations did not prove profitable. Today the finders of the stones are usually the hereditary miners. They dig well-like shafts in the floor of the jungle and then, basket by basket, sort through the illam with trained and skillful fingers.

The rough crystals of both star sapphire and star ruby are purchased in their natural state by gem dealers. Outwardly the stones are so much like dull pebbles that if you accidentally came across one you would not stoop to pick it up. But a gem dealer with a knowledge of the natural rough can pick out the gem material.

Many gem dealers in the United States bring the gem-stones to this country in the rough. Here the most expert cutters are employed to fashion the stones into gems suitable for jewelry. A one-inch thick copper disc, spread with oil and diamond dust, is made into a spinning surface on which the stone is ground into shape and later polished on a wheel surfaced with a softer abrasive.

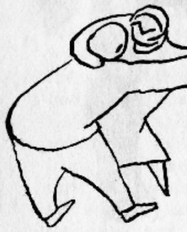
Years of training and craftsmanship, of study and care, are behind this operation which transforms the drab pebble into a gem, unfathomable in color and light. More skilled craftsmanship gives it a setting that will enhance its lovely lure, and makes of it a precious, lovely talisman for those in quest of beauty.



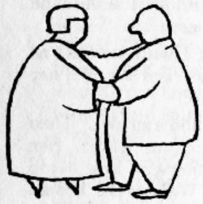
TOWARD A NATIONAL DEFENSE

Written and Illustrated

by Peter Abenheim

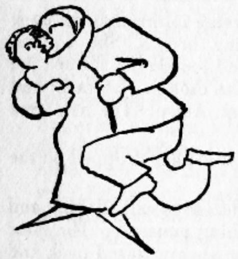


Have you ever been attacked on the dance floor? Have you ever been prompted to grab a bottle and chase that couple who so deftly shattered your instep? Have you ever stood in the center of the pushing mass of people and said, "I shall never dance again," and then a strange something comes over you and you can't move, you try to head for your table, but after three solid hours of battling you find yourself in the kitchen, where the chef and his underlings (waiters, etc.) scowl at your intrusion as you mumble something about a glass of water and skulk back to the wars. Then you try to faint like a decent person, and after being carried around by the mob for at least a half hour you give up fainting and try to fight your way again.



If you are one of the untold millions who have suffered under these conditions, then my month of research, diagramming, floor analyzing, testing all types, including the best and worst, of liquors, pushing myself into the greatest variety of places, will not have been in vain and you will benefit by the following:

THE POINTER—This little eradicator is used in the best of society. Those who use it are cautioned to move stealthily as it gives one an ominous appearance as well as the Astaire look. Beware of accelerated motion, as the putting out of the opponents' eyes is not considered quite cricket.



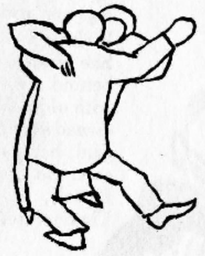
THE HIPSWIP OR REAR GUARD ACTION—The most dangerous place for the opponents to be is on the blind side, so we now show you just how to "get 'em" from that quarter. This must be done with a swift blow of the hip, following through as in tennis or golf, until the opponents are on the floor, then with a low dip you salute them and on to new conquests.

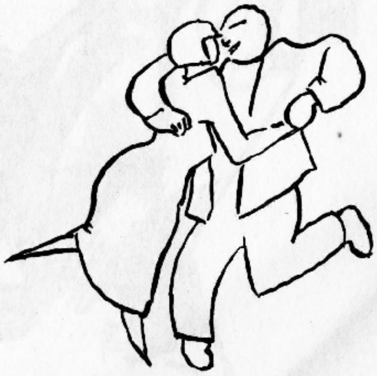
SWIFT & CO., OR STEADY THE BUFFS—When an immovable object meets an irresistible something. You can try this one, but I don't guarantee it to be one hundred per cent effective, though for those inclined toward a passive resistance it has a particular appeal.

THE FULLBACK'S DELIGHT—Something for the kiddies, and those who have never had the pleasure of playing our Great American Game. You can now get your football on the dance floor. Be sure, if you're going to run this signal, that there are none of the Swift & Co. types on the floor, as there have been some appalling entanglements perpetrated when they met.

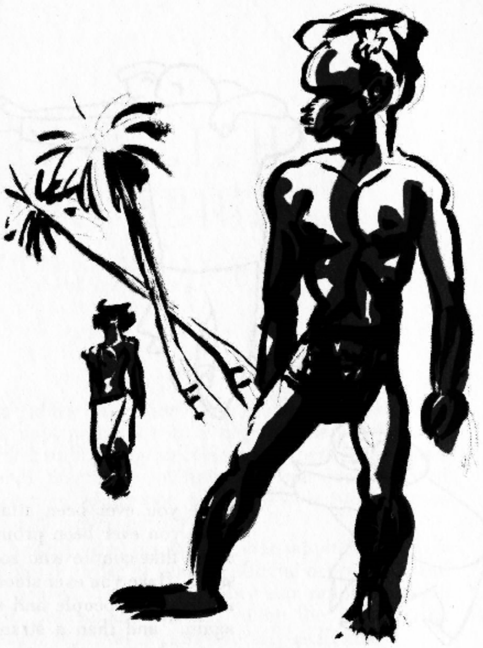
THE SIDE-KICK OR THE TANGO-TRIPPER—This is also for the more elite gatherings; nevertheless, its effect is deadly when an escape route is needed. The only drawback is that the person or persons tripped or kicked have a deplorable habit of falling underfoot. If you are not a member of the Swiss Alpine Club and nimble on your toes, we advise against the use of this getter-out-of-the-wayer.

THE BACK-KICK OR LET YOURSELF GO—Here we have the old folks delight, a truly American way to stand up for your rights on the dance floor. Remarks such as: "Back to the farm," "Local yokels," or similar derogatory statements can be disregarded. In this age of political upheavings, who knows, 'tis best to play safe and be seen doing this American one in public places.





AH SIN



by Rosalie D. Leveille

Illustrated by James Bodrero

Wahine's scarlet parieu dripped sea-water and made a little pool on the floor. She stood in the middle of it and said that she would like to keep house for me. Housework, she said, was not to her liking, but from the sea she would catch the finest fish Tahiti had to offer. And in the evenings she would catch eel from the little stream that ran beside my cottage. She said that I would have to supply her with fresh chicken entrails for bait, but she would do all the rest, except that her grandmother would cook the fish and the eel for me. Wahine said she did not like to cook, either. Then she picked up the hem of her parieu and squeezed out more water and it ran down her brown legs and widened the pool on the floor.

Wahine was sixteen and slim and smooth-skinned. She lived with her grandmother in the little shack behind my cottage, and her grandmother lived there with old Ah Sin, the Chinese. Wahine's grandmother owned a Chinese shawl. But that was all right, Wahine said, because grandmother was old now and would soon die. But when a girl was young and pretty like herself, Wahine said, then she had to be careful. There were social taboos even in Tahiti, and when a Tahitian girl appeared with a Chinese shawl, the native boys turned away from her forever. Wahine said she had many fine suitors and so I should be very proud to have her work for me.

It was nice about her popularity, I said, as well as the fish and the eel. But if she worked for me, her duty was to keep the cottage clean.

Wahine shrugged her shoulders and ran out. Then she came back dragging dry pandanus leaves. She said she had to make a broom, otherwise how could I expect her to sweep. I showed Wahine the broom I had bought that very morning in Papeete. But she said no, she would make her own broom. She told me to wait and see what a nice swishing noise her broom would make. You could dance to it, she said.

So every morning Wahine came in through the back door dragging her swishing broom. She walked straight to the front door and looked out toward the reef. And every morning, as though a miracle had happened, she cried out that, Auwe! The fish were jumping inside the reef.

That was why the broom was always dropped on the front porch, and left there.

After a long time I would decide to call Wahine and put a stop to this daily fishing nonsense. The floor must be swept. But Wahine always waved back and made motions. Her motions said very plainly that she was just on the verge of catching something larger and stranger than anything Zane Grey ever caught. But only, that was, if I could be nice about it. If I did not disturb. Her bare feet danced up and down on a piece of sharp coral. Her wet parieu hugged her small brown body. Then there was that mass of wavy black hair. And she was so young, and cute, and eager to fish. It was easy for Wahine to change a person's mind.

But when guests came to the cottage, Wahine rushed in from the reef. Wahine appointed herself chaperone, and was serious about this duty. She crouched in a corner on the floor where she could see and hear all that went on, without being in the least bit conspicuous herself. One would never know she was there except for the pool of water that always spread on the floor from her parieu.

I apologized to my guests for the condition of the cottage. That unsightly broom, I said, was left there by my Wahine, who spent all her time fishing on the reef. It was too bad, but I would have to find someone else. Did my friends, perhaps, know of another girl? One who would attend to her duties?

I wrote down the name they gave.

It would be nice, Wahine said later, if I, too, had a bracelet such as my lady friend wore. The lady with the very red lip. The bracelet was nice, but the lady, poor thing, how stupid she was. She had given me the name of that girl, Roti. Everyone knew Roti stole and was dirty as a pig. Besides, did I not know that Roti wore a Chinese shawl? The Tahitian boys would not look at her anymore. She might even bring that shawl to my cottage, the shameless creature. And where, Wahine asked me, could I find a girl so pretty and popular as herself? Think how all the finest and strongest Tahitian boys sat on the beach in front of my cottage singing love songs to her. Every evening they sang. Was it not pleasant to hear?

The plaintive strains drifting in from the beach each evening were indeed pleasant to hear. I wondered why Wahine did not respond oftener to her serenaders. Sometimes she asked my advice. Did I like that song? Did the voice please me? It was Tafano. Or Tetua. Or Alfreti. She knew them all by voice, and there were many who called. But Tafano, it was, who stirred her the most. If she was in the mood she ran out and joined him on the beach. Then the songs grew softer and softer and gradually changed to low whispers and laughter. But other times, no matter how sweet the song, Wahine called into the darkness, telling her suitor to go home. He was making her sick.

When I told Wahine this was not nice she said she could afford not to be nice. She reminded me again that she was the prettiest girl in Tahiti. Besides, she said, she would rather catch eel. The chicken entrails would spoil if she did not use them. And when they were fresh, she said, there was no better bait for catching eels.

But every evening, when Wahine sat on the bank of the stream fishing for eels, Ah Sin came out of the little shack. In bright moonlight he was terrible to see. He moved eagerly toward Wahine, and the peculiar motion he had made a rattling sound, as though his calloused feet picked up the grass on which he trod and squeezed it dry. Always it was the same, the slow sliding down upon moist grass and then the dryness and a rattling sound. I did not like to look at Ah Sin. But always when I heard the sound I went to the window and watched.

Wahine made faces at him. I did not wonder at this. He was much too hideous, I thought, even for grandmother. She told him how skinny he was, and how crooked. She said he had a head like an octopus. She called attention to the pits that had been left in his face by smallpox. And she said he smelt like dead fish, only much worse. But often Wahine danced flirtatiously up and down the stream while Ah Sin watched.

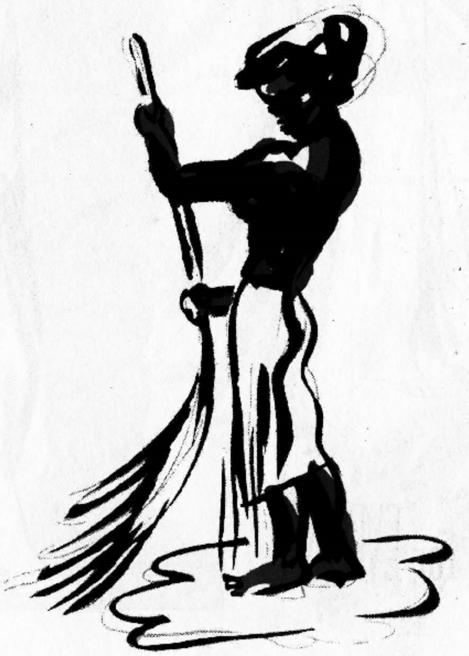
It was very bright with moonlight the evening Wahine laid the chicken entrails to one side, pulled her parieu high above her slim brown knees, and made suggestive motions to Ah Sin. And Ah Sin, supporting himself against a tree, trembled.

Though Wahine danced in the shadows I thought I could see the expression on her face. Never had I seen her like this before. There was something covetous about her. The very gestures of her dance were that of a beating down. A bargain being driven. So I turned from the window then and thought of the many things I would say to Wahine when she came in. She was conceited and selfish, I decided. And she was heartless. Otherwise, how could she dance cheaply to loathsome Ah Sin, while Tafano sobbed plaintive love songs to her from the beach.

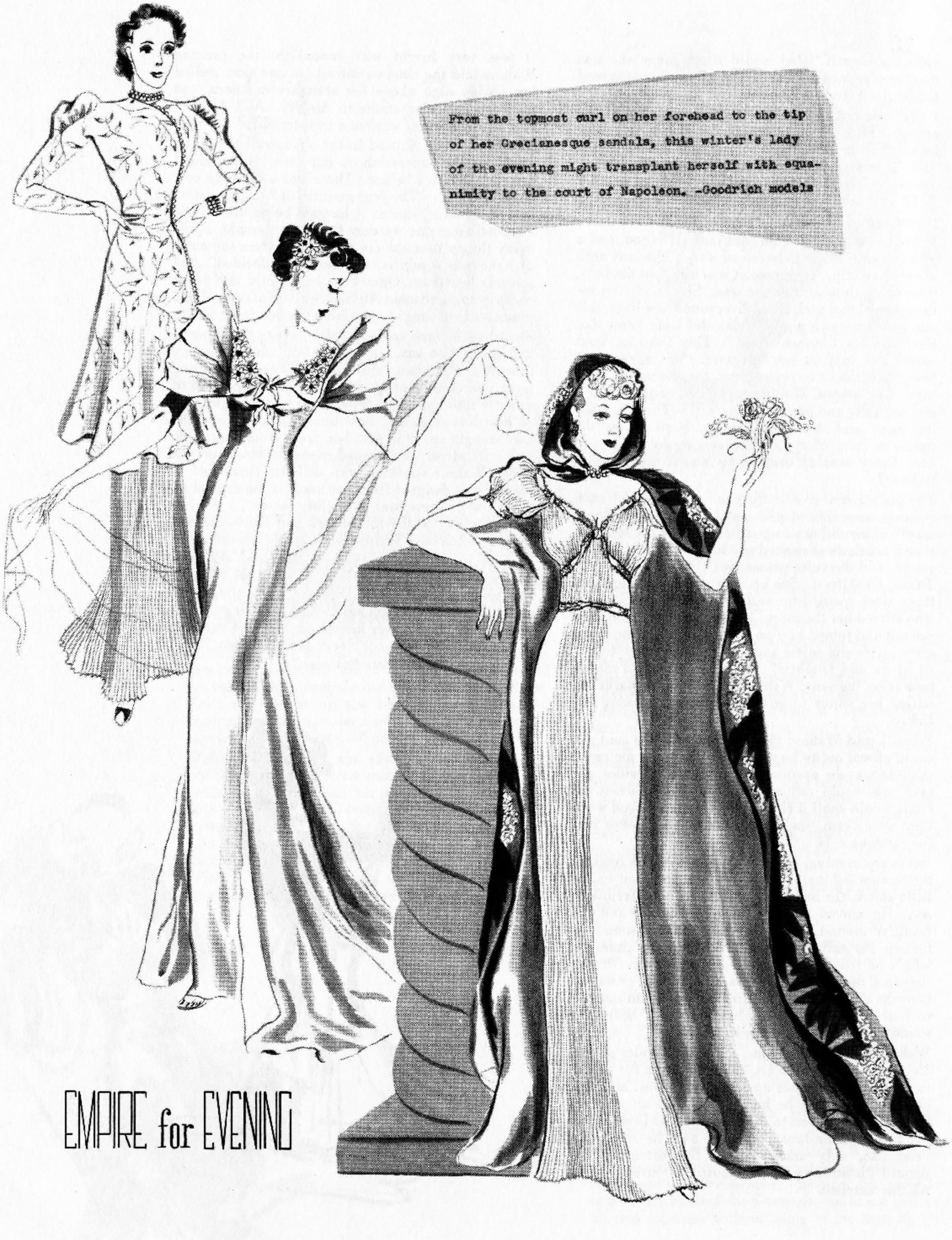
But when Wahine came in I did not say the things I had thought to say. Instead, I felt ashamed at my thoughts. She was so childlike and sweet. In strong light one could not question Wahine. One looked directly into her small brown face and thought only of how honest it was, how unselfish and real. She had brought an eel in with her, fresh from the stream and still alive. It thrashed savagely about on the floor. Wahine sparkled with delight. Remnants of ragged bait dangled from her hook as she danced up and down. There was a rattling sound as Ah Sin made his way to the little shack and I thought how nice it was to have Wahine back inside the cottage.

Wahine put an end to the eel. Down on the floor beside it she stroked the long, slimy body. Was it not beautiful, she asked. See the white spots, like pearls they were, on the head. And how large it was, and heavy! Had I ever known anyone who excelled as she did? Was she not clever as well as beautiful?

(Continued on page 24)

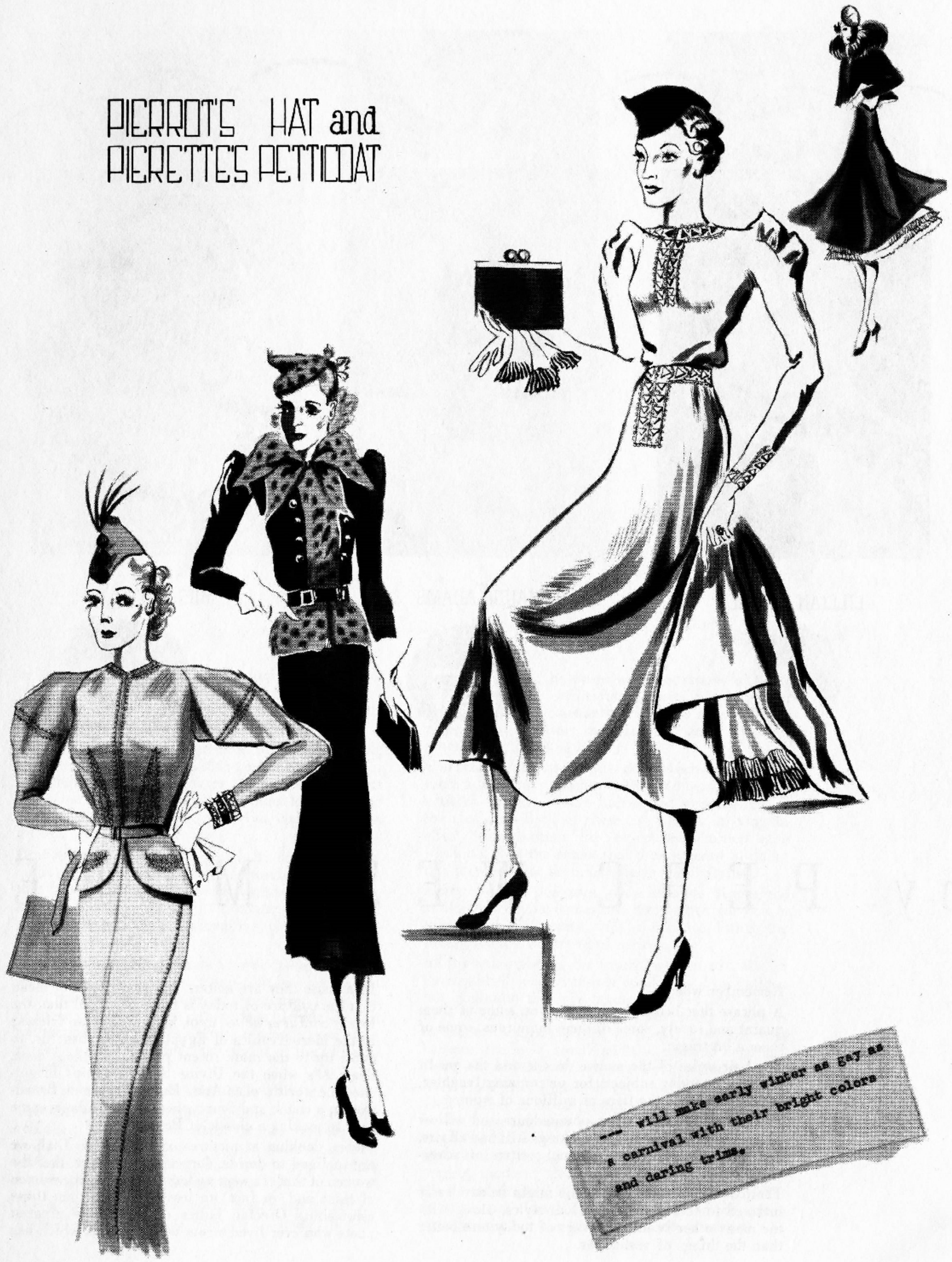


From the topmost curl on her forehead to the tip of her Grecianesque sandals, this winter's lady of the evening might transplant herself with equanimity to the court of Napoleon. -Goodrich models



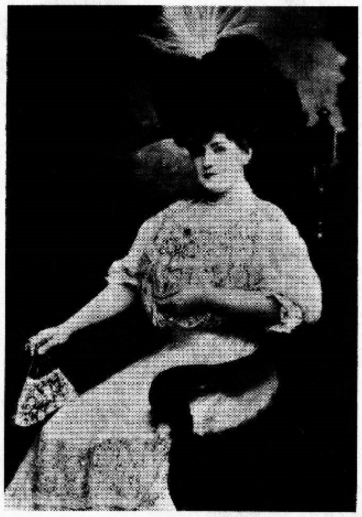
EMPIRE for EVENING

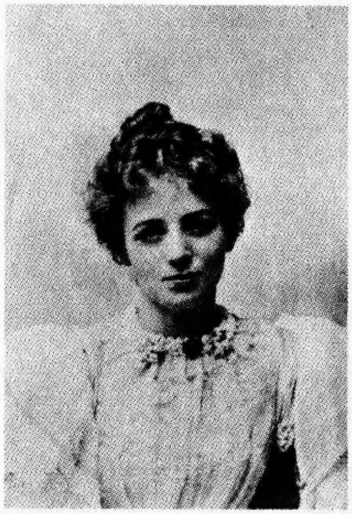
PIERROT'S HAT and PIERETTE'S PETTICOAT

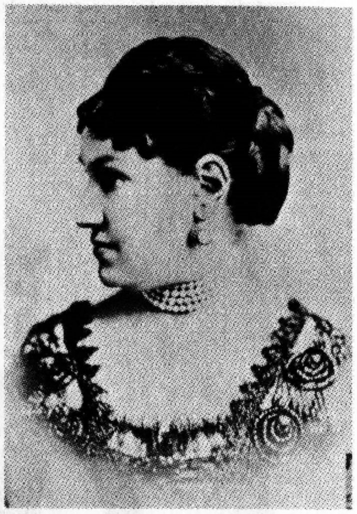


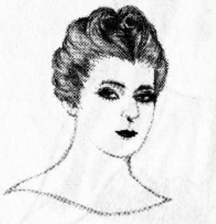
--- will make early winter as gay as a carnival with their bright colors and daring trims.

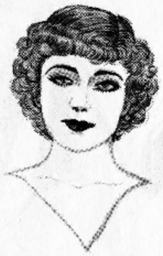
A MODERN COIFFURE FOR THE GIBSON GIRL

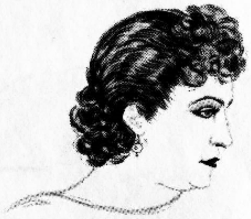

LILLIAN RUSSELL


MAUDE ADAMS


MRS. ASTOR







by PERC WESTMORE

Remember when—?

A phrase that brings back memories, some of them quaint and lovely, some of them humorous, some of them a bit tragic.

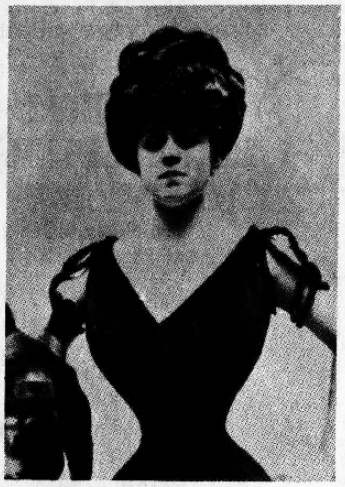
The hair-styles of the mauve decade and the gas-lit era may be today subjects for patronizing laughter, yet they changed the lives of millions of women.

Those were the days when pompadours and willow plumes were the fashion, when kings still had affairs, and queens were queens and not writers of advertising copy.

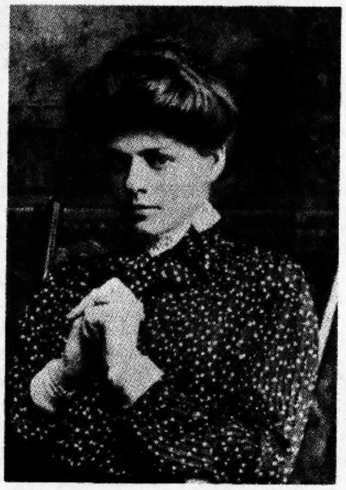
There are, I presume, those who might be carelessly inclined to feel that today's hair-styles, along with the many other beautiful things of today, are better than the things of yesteryear.

In a sense they are better. But that does not mean that the coiffure of today is more beautiful than the lovely coiffures we see upon ancient Grecian friezes; in the hieroglyphics of Egyptian antiquities; or, to come up to the more recent periods, in those dear, dead 90's when the Divine Sarah's genius brightened the world; when Anna Held was seen on Broadway in a coach and four; when Maude Adams came near to making a classic of Peter Pan.

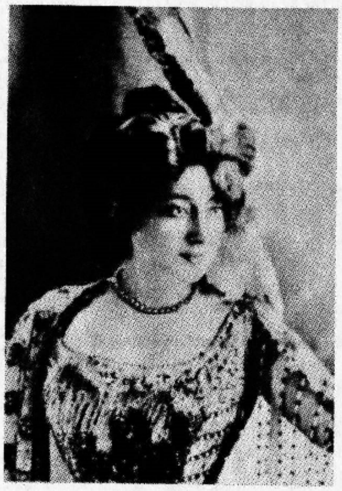
Today, looking at pictures of the Gibson Girl, we are inclined to deride, forgetting, however, that the women of that era were no less lovely than the women of this; and, in fact, no less handsome than those astonishing Grecian ladies of whom the greatest poets who ever lived wrote with a genius which has



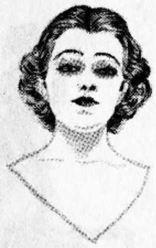
VALESKA SURRATT

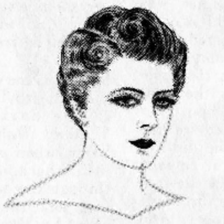


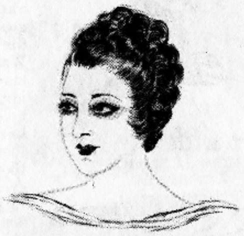
ETHEL BARRYMORE



ANNA HELD







never since been surpassed; conducing to the inevitable thought that there must have been something about those Grecian women which inspired poetic genius more than it is currently fired.

But after we have had a laugh at the accompanying pictures of the belles of the yesteryear and their seemingly ludicrous coiffures, let us soberly reflect that what has changed is not feminine loveliness, or even artistry of coiffure; what has changed is the milieu.

Obviously there can be no such thing as a perfect coiffure; if this were possible it would be true also that those who today concern themselves with the artistic devising of new hair arrangements, could stop learning; stop experimenting, devising, developing.

It seems almost impossible to reflect—and yet we know quite well that it is true—that in a very short time, perhaps less than a decade from now, there will be those who, looking at our modern hair-styles, will be tempted to laugh as deeply as we do now when we look upon the former hair-styles of the glorious 'Nineties.

What, then, *is* important about the coiffure?

The answer is that nothing is important about the coiffure. What is important is the milieu; the times . . . the conditions . . . surrounding current coiffure needs. An artist, in short, would say that what is important is "Composition."

The great designer considers not merely modern woman; but the things that go to make modern woman modern; he observes the surroundings, the environment, the utilitarian aspects of clothes in relation to their constantly changing necessities in respect to space, time, materials and color habits in other departments of life.

The skilled hair-stylist also does precisely this, and there is a greater kinship than most persons realize between the art of the hair-stylist and the art of the clothier. Both of them are artists, striving to effect "Composition" in respect to a milieu as a whole; and to the extent that they succeed in doing this they become good, or inferior, hair-stylists.

Every woman possesses *some* beauty. Again the skilled hair-stylist comes into the picture, for he can bring out this beauty with a coiffure fitting the timely mode—the trend of styles.

As for hair-styles of the future, women will always have bobbed hair because of comfort and sanitation; but gradually they are taking the road back to the days of the long hair, for daily you notice additions to modern coiffures, such as an extra set of curls here or there—a small addition placed here and there—to add that definite touch of femininity.

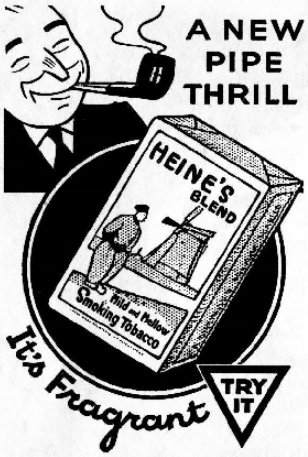
Ever since Eve, women have worn their hair long. This typifies them as feminine. In the past decade boyish, mannish and sophisticated hair-styles have crept in; but I shall always maintain that the old-fashioned coiffures, with enough variations to form perfect, modern "Composition," are the most beautiful head-dresses, and will always bring out that definite, individual type of beauty which every woman, whether she knows it or not, possesses.

A. F. DUNCAN
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

SPECIALIZES
IN RANCHES
AND ESTATES

15 W. CARRILLO ST.
SANTA BARBARA

Add Zest to Any Sport with



HEINE'S BLEND is a new kind of pipe tobacco. COOL and FRAGRANT as the pine woods, with a distinctive d-e-e-licious flavor. The perfect smoke for any summer sport, particularly if there are women along—they LIKE its FRAGRANT aroma. In foil packages and air-tight tins, at leading tobacco counters everywhere. TRY IT.

SUTLIFF TOBACCO CO., S. F.
SINCE 1849

AH SIN - Continued from page 19

The island was quiet in early morning sleep when grandmother came out of the little shack. Wahine danced up and down as she hung a lei of red blossoms about grandmother's withered neck. Then Wahine rolled the bicycle out from the lean-to, and she tied a large basket behind the seat. Grandmother mumbled and shivered. Ah Sin appeared furtively in the doorway. He blinked at the dull light. Then he disappeared. We helped grandmother mount the bicycle. It would not be possible, I thought, for her to stay on. But grandmother's large brown feet came down and gripped the pedals. A toothless grin spread over her face, and she rolled expertly down past the lotus pond and through the gate. Wahine giggled and waved. Green vegetable tops dangled from the basket. They were grandmother's gift to the relations, Wahine explained. And from the same basket there fluttered the soiled, frayed fringes of a Chinese shawl.

That afternoon I told Wahine she must sleep in my cottage this night. I also told Wahine that I was tired of chicken. In a few days, perhaps, she could buy one at the market. But not now. Wahine could not fish without bait, and I decided there was to be no excuse for evening eel catching while grandmother was gone. Then Ah Sin would stay in the shack, where he belonged.

Wahine did not seem to mind. She made no mention of eels that evening. She sat quietly on the floor holding her parieu tightly about her knees. I spoke of the sunset we had just seen. Wahine said she did not like the sunset. She said it covered everything with colors she desired to possess. Had I not seen the whole sea, red like the flame tree? And the peaks of Moorea, how purple they were! The deep green and the bright gold of the coconut tree, all those colors she desired. But as fast as a fish jumps in the water, the sun slid behind the big peaks on Moorea and the colors were gone. This made her feel empty handed, and hungry, she said.

Her face was lifted to the light, and it was a lovely face. And as we talked a small breeze blew in from the sea, and then blew harder and turned into a wind and the island became noisy with the sounds it made. But only Ah Sin could make the rattling sound under the window. That was why I asked Wahine how soon grandmother would return.

Did I not know, Wahine said, that grandmother would never return? Grandmother was of such great age now, that she had gone to her relations, there to die.

And just then Tafano sang from the beach, and the wind blew his song through the open door and into the room. He sang Wahine's name, and of the love he had for her, and of his desire. His song was rich with melody, and Wahine swayed a little on the floor where she sat. But as she swayed she kept turning her head and listening to the sound Ah Sin made as he moved restlessly beneath the window.

Then Tafano stopped singing and called loudly, Wahine! Wahine! And there was anguish in his voice as the wind whipped it into the room. And I knew then that the tall youth on the beach had seen Ah Sin.

My words fell fast, because I suddenly felt in a great hurry. Wahine should invite Tafano into the cottage, I said, because it was very windy on the beach this evening. It would be nice to hear his song inside, with the night dark around us. She should call him now. But Wahine did not move. Tafano was so tall and fine, I went on. And how he must love Wahine to sing to her so faithfully each evening. And his voice—surely few brown maidens could withstand it for long.

It was true, Wahine said, that Tafano's voice made her heart pound inside her body. She desired Tafano's voice, but when she reached for it, it escaped her. Just as the fresh, bright colors of the sunset fell through her fingers. Always that voice would belong to Tafano, not to her. The beauties of Tahiti were all denied her, Wahine said. Either they were of the air and could not be held, or else they perished in her hands. And of what use were these beautiful things to her, Wahine asked, if she could not hold them in her hands and possess them?

Wahine stood up then, and she crossed her arms and made a hugging motion about her bare shoulders, as though to cover them.

And so it was something not of Tahiti that she now desired, Wahine said. Something she could have always, even at such time as she was old and returned to her relations to die.

Her arms were still clasped about her shoulders as she started for the door. And when I reached for her she slipped from my fingers and was gone.

I stood in the doorway and for a long time I heard Tafano's voice and mine in the dark, noisy wind calling, Wahine! Wahine!

Later, when a light came on in the little shack, I could see Wahine through the window. She was dancing, and the pale shawl wrapped about her shoulders was covered with many brilliant colors, and Wahine clutched it at the throat in tight, possessive little fists. I was watching the way the long fringe swished back and forth as she danced, when a large, distorted shadow of Ah Sin crept against one wall and over the ceiling and then seemed to spread over the whole of the little shack.

COMPLETE LINE OF
DOMESTIC, HOTEL
RESTAURANT
AND OFFICE HELP
FURNISHED

References Guaranteed

SERVICE FREE
TO EMPLOYER

CLARK'S
EMPLOYMENT
BUREAU

ETHEL M. CLARK

LET US HELP YOU WHEN
YOU NEED HELP . . .

1035 DE LA VINA
PHONE 26398

Cut Flowers
Colored Pottery

FOR A BETTER GARDEN
BUY AT

CAMPBELL
HORTICULTURAL
COMPANY

19 South Milpas St.
SANTA BARBARA

EVERYTHING
FOR THE GARDEN

PHONE 3815
WE DELIVER

Seeds
Plants - Trees

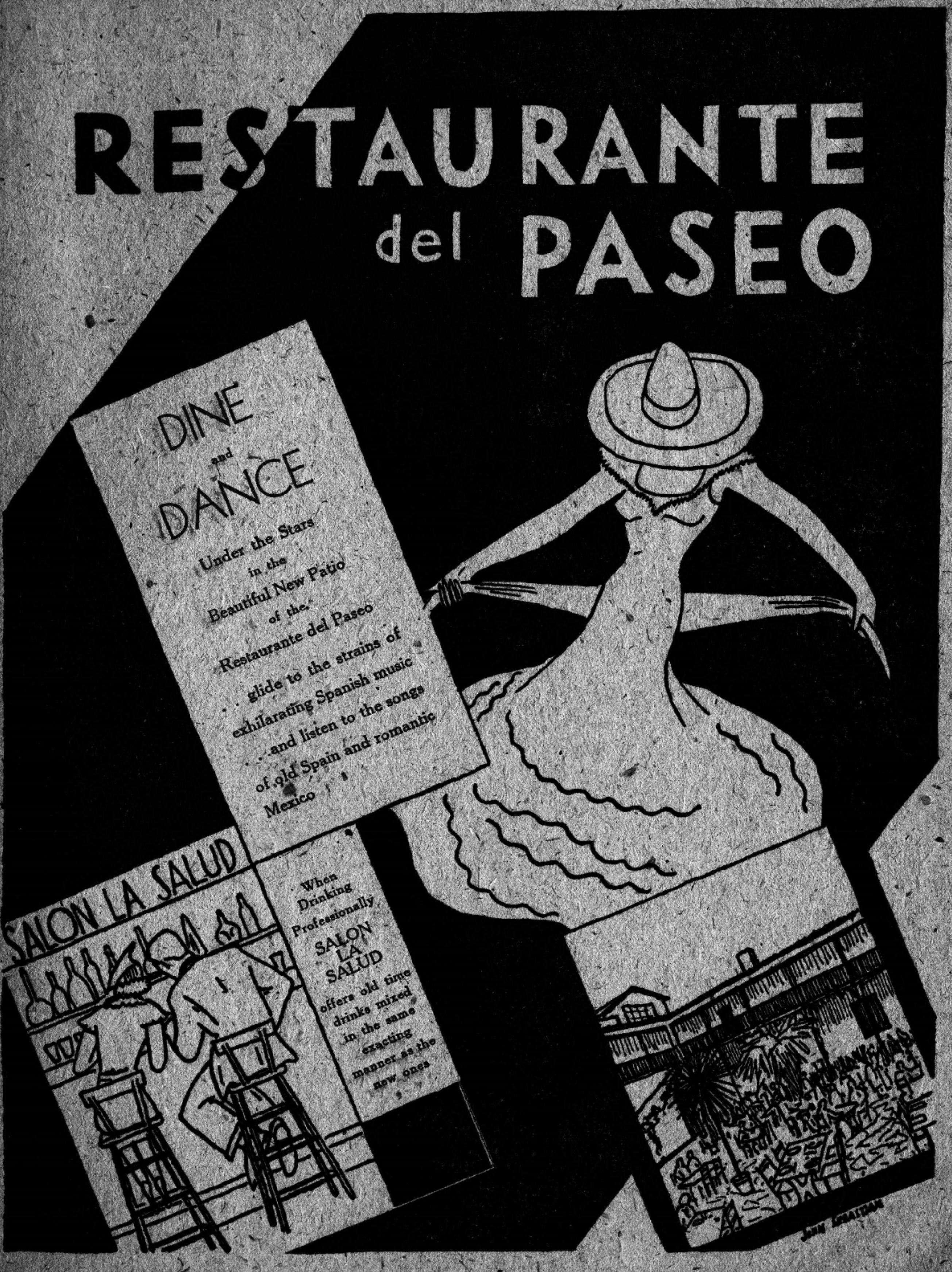
TWEEDS AND WEEDS

IMPORTERS
of
BRITISH
SPORT CLOTHES
for
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN

Tweeds + Sweaters
Coats
Ties, Etc.

Studio B · El Paseo
Santa Barbara

RESTAURANTE del PASEO

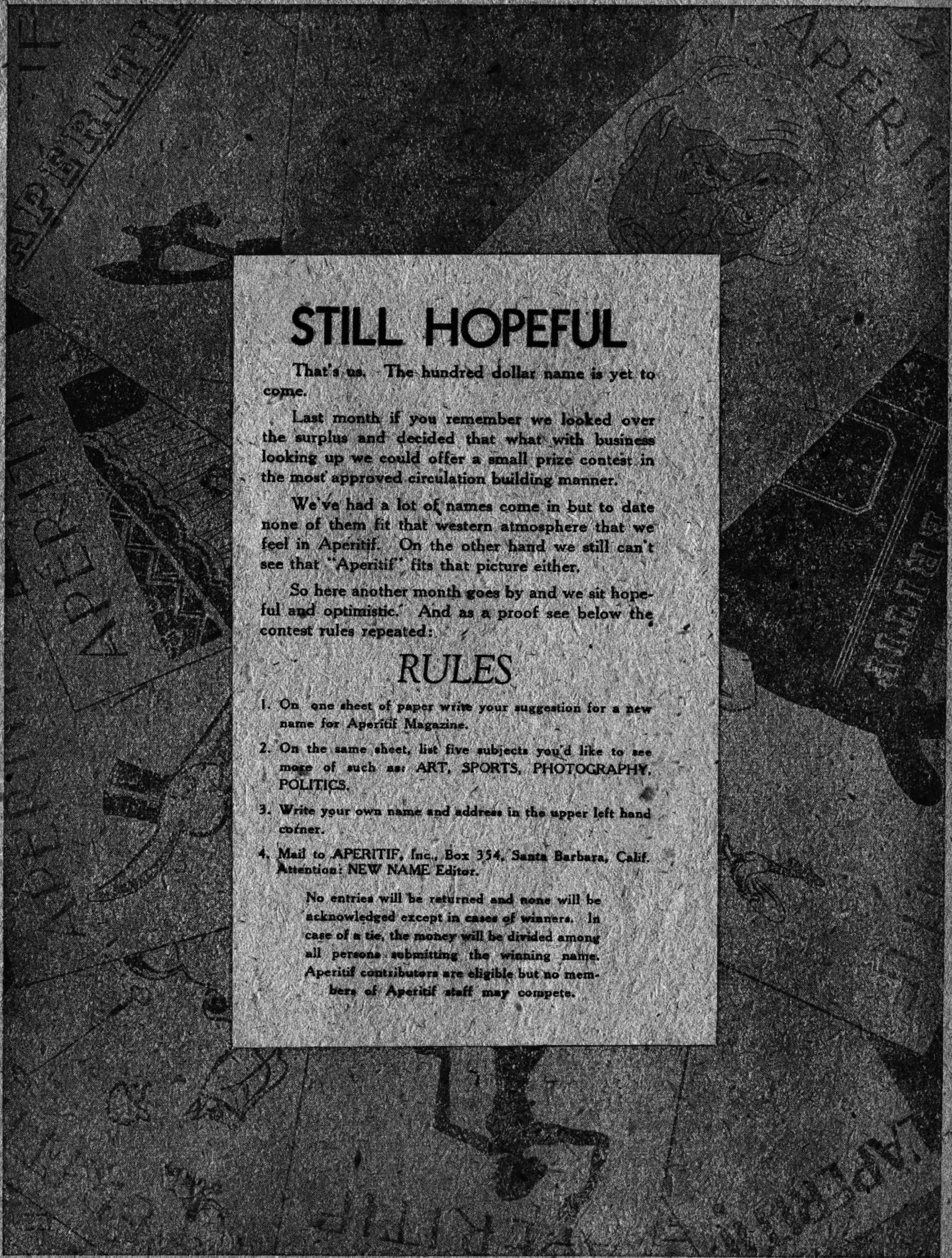


DINE and DANCE

Under the Stars in the Beautiful New Patio of the Restaurante del Paseo . . glide to the strains of exhilarating Spanish music . . . and listen to the songs of old Spain and romantic Mexico

SALON LA SALUD

When Drinking Professionally SALON LA SALUD offers old time drinks mixed in the same exacting manner as the new ones



STILL HOPEFUL

That's us. The hundred dollar name is yet to come.

Last month if you remember we looked over the surplus and decided that what with business looking up we could offer a small prize contest in the most approved circulation building manner.

We've had a lot of names come in but to date none of them fit that western atmosphere that we feel in Aperitif. On the other hand we still can't see that "Aperitif" fits that picture either.

So here another month goes by and we sit hopeful and optimistic. And as a proof see below the contest rules repeated:

RULES

1. On one sheet of paper write your suggestion for a new name for Aperitif Magazine.
2. On the same sheet, list five subjects you'd like to see more of such as: ART, SPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHY, POLITICS.
3. Write your own name and address in the upper left hand corner.
4. Mail to APERITIF, Inc., Box 354, Santa Barbara, Calif. Attention: NEW NAME Editor.

No entries will be returned and none will be acknowledged except in cases of winners. In case of a tie, the money will be divided among all persons submitting the winning name. Aperitif contributors are eligible but no members of Aperitif staff may compete.

APÉRITIF

Society SPORTS

HERE'S HOW...and WHERE!

IN SANTA BARBARA

ACCOUNTANTS

Duncan A F 15 W Carrillo	5258

AIR TRANSPORTATION

Baron W Thoe Schwartzenberg 1014 State	6131
Heath International Bureau La Arcada Bldg	24594

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Haider Martin J Funeral Parlor 1312 Anacapa	7828

ANTIQUES

Falvy A 9 E De la Guerra	7629

ART GOODS

Temple Bell Studio The 25 E Canon Perdido	7294
Villa Rosa at the Biltmore	92466

AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

Beard Motor Co Dodge Sales and Service 222-228 E Carrillo	7106
De Soto and Plymouth 325 State	24872
El Camino Chevrolet Co 301 Chapala	28151
Ford and Lincoln Dealer Victoria Motors Inc 17 E Victoria	5281

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

A M Walker Service Station Mont Store S S and Garage 440 Valley Road	92594
Torre's Auto Body and Radiator Works 19 E Haley	3252
Firestone Auto Supply and Service Stores Inc 506 Chapala	28134

AWNINGS

Acme Shade and Awning Co 508 N Milpas	6449

BAKING BUSINESS

Koo Koo Klock Bakery 1207 State	27484
Sanchez Bakery 336 Anacapa	3070

BARBER SHOPS

Central Barber and Beauty Shop 10 W De la Guerra	4585

BEAUTY SHOPS

Clover Parlor 115 E Victoria	5571
Maison Leslie 25 E Carrillo	6431

BOOK SHOPS

Tecolote Book Shop 19 E De la Guerra	7412

CLEANERS

Brabo Henry Cleaner and Dyer 17 E Anapamu	21596
St Paul Dye Works 14 W Gutierrez	6171

CLOTHIERS

Eisenberg's White House Inc 717-719 State	3149

Custom Built Clothes for Women

Mary Lou Brown Mihran Studio No 9 E Carrillo	23061

Haberdasher Clothier Hatter

Roy E Gammill 1008 State	24790

Men's Apparel

Ray E Denno Ltd 1218 State	26276

Sports Clothes Imported

Crown and Thistle Ltd 24 El Paseo	5962
Tweeds and Weeds 813 Anacapa	24977

Women's Ready-to-Wear

Collins Shop Inc 1011 State	26948
Kerr B F and Co 1235 State	24568
Granada Style Shop 1214 State	25072
Rose Jack Smart Shop 1007 State	4121

CLUBS

Edgecliffe Beach Club Eucalyptus Lane	92373
La Cumbre Golf and Country Club Modoc Road	3506
S B Bridge Club Mar Monte Hotel	25500
Valley Club of Montecito Valley Road	92231

COCKTAIL LOUNGES

Carrillo Hotel Casino Chapala and Carrillo	7161
Melody Lane 21 E Canon Perdido	23611
Sabella A 2 E Cabrillo Blvd	27367
Sheetz A 1133 State	21839

COMMERCIAL STORAGE

Lyon Van and Storage 27 E Cota	7103

CONTRACT BRIDGE INSTRUCTION

Mrs Kathleen P Wheeler 22 Ramona Lane	92771

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Borden's Enterprise Dairy Co 400 W Carrillo	7143
Golden State Co Ltd 205 W Montecito	5154
Live Oak Dairy Co 749 San Ysidro Rd	92102

DINING AND DANCING

Biltmore Hotel Channel Dr	92175
Carrillo Hotel Garden Room Chapala and Carrillo	7161
del Paseo Restaurante 813 Anacapa Street	5106
Sabella A Cuban Room 2 E Cabrillo Blvd	27367

DRAPERY BUSINESS

Albert Jones Studio 28 E Victoria	22704
Paulson Studios 1021 Anacapa	7969

DRUGGISTS

El Camino Pharmacy 1145 Coast Highway	92111
Gutierrez Drug Store 635 State	3174
Sterling Drug Co 1118 State La Arcada Bldg	7121

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

Charles' Employment Agency 1005 Santa Barbara St.	28146

FLORISTS

Gleave's Flower Shop 918 State	28107
John Turnbull 921 State	3385
no answer call	28310

GARAGES

Johnson's Garage Official Automobile Club Garage No 321 19 E Haley	3054 and 3252
Erich's Montecito Store Garage and Auto Laundry 440 Valley Road	92333

GIFTS

Carol Fairbanks Biltmore Hotel	92784
Faulkner's The Linen Shop 1125 State	22801
Lewis Robt L 11 E De la Guerra	5661

GLASSWARE

Hunt's China Shop 1127 State	28027

GROCERY BUSINESS

Jordano Bros Inc 35 W Canon Perdido	5221

HAIR DRESSING

Marcel et Pierre San Marcos Bldg	7123
Roberta Roberts Biltmore Hotel	92175

HOTELS

Carrillo Hotel Chapala and Carrillo	7161
El Encanto Hotel on the Riviera	5231

JEWELERS

Wm H Gilchrist Gem Merchant 1112 State	5308

ICE

Mission Ice Co 201 W Canon Perdido	3187

LIQUOR BUSINESS

El Camino Pharmacy 1145 Coast Highway	92111
Jordano Bros Inc De Luxe Liquor Store 35 W Canon Perdido	5221

MUSIC

Santa Barbara Music Co Pianos and Radios 20 E Carrillo	4167

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTS

Biltmore Studios Biltmore Hotel	92175

RADIO AND RADIO SERVICE BUSINESS

Val Feiger Philco and Zenith Radios 715 State	3207

RACQUET SHOP

Larry Hall 10 La Arcada Bldg	28334

RESTAURANTS

Copper Coffee Pot The 1029 State	28609

SEA FOODS

Sabella A Restaurant and Caterer 2 E Cabrillo Blvd	27367

SECRETARIAL SERVICE

Pauline M Finley 1022 State	6941

TAXICAB SERVICE

Bluebird Auto and Taxi Service Montecito Inn Garage	92222
Erich's Montecito Store Taxi 440 Valley Road	92333
Tanner Motor Livery Biltmore Garage	92570
Yellow Cab Co 20 E Victoria	5111

TENNIS INSTRUCTION AND RACQUETS

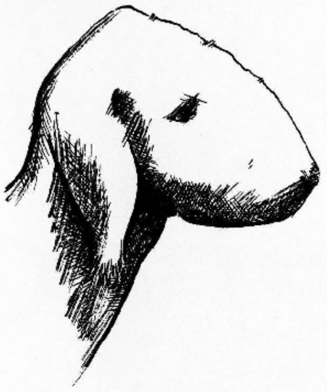
Hal Gorham Biltmore Hotel	92175
Harwood White Montecito Country Club	28125

TRAVEL BUREAUS

Baron W Thoe Schwartzenberg 1014 State	6131
Heath International Bureau La Arcada Bldg	24594

WATER BUSINESS

Ogilvy Artesian Water Co 128 Ashley Road	92447



DOGS

by Jack Morris

The ewe-lamb of dogdom. An innocent appearance, a crisp woolly coat and fancy tufts on his ears, the Bedlington Terrier marches along in very sedate fashion until another dog comes into view. Even another Bedlington. Then the wool flies. This odd looking dog, sometimes called "sweet" at first sight by nice old ladies, is really a rowdy at heart. He will fight anything and everything and is rated the gamest of all terriers. The original wolf in sheep's clothing.

The breed was developed in Northumberland, England, as a result of crossing the Otter Hound and that sturdy little fellow, the Dandie Dinmont. From each, the Bedlington has taken certain definite characteristics. He loves the water and is an excellent hunting dog, proving successful in England on both badger and otter, which is certainly the utmost in versatility. Smaller than the Airedale and averaging about twenty-four pounds in weight, he is such a terrific fighter that he cannot usually be worked with other dogs. His well-developed sense of independence, however, makes him an ideal pet for he is kind and affectionate to those in his good graces and, therefore, an excellent guardian and companion.

First known as the Rothbury or Northumbrian Fox Terrier, the name was changed over a hundred years ago, probably due to the fact that the people of Bedlington had so many as pets. A real aristocrat, his pedigree can be traced farther back than that of any other terrier.

It is strange that he has not proved popular in America because he has in great quantities those terrier qualities that endear the breed to their owners. Add his distinctive appearance and you have a very noticeable dog.

The sheep-like head and peculiar body are the main features and the variety of colors in the coat give one a wide choice. The eyes vary with the coat, dark eyes in the blue coats and brown in the other shades. The eyes are set obliquely and are a further aid in causing the dog to stand out from those around him.

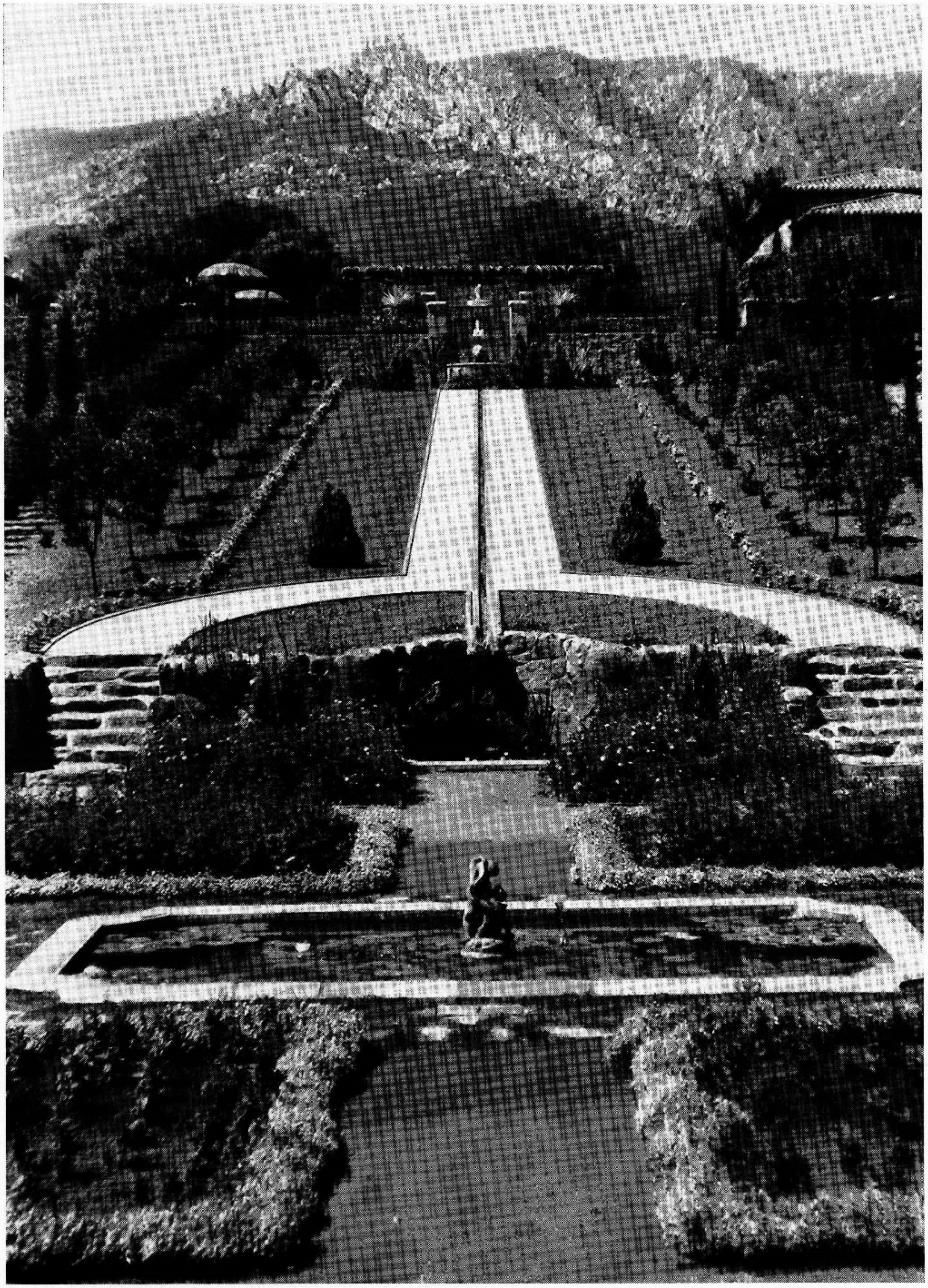
Very few have been shown in the past but several kennels have taken them up and it is possible that in the near future we will see more of one of the finest all-around dogs ever developed.

Everything is settled and everyone knows that Gary Cooper's Sealyham, Champion Hollybourne Delia, went Best in Show—the Santa Barbara Dog Show . . . more outstanding to the casual spectator was the sight of the small boy who squirmed into Cooper's chair, still warm from the departed—small boy wiggled and smirked at his gang—"shucks, kids, this is better than any ole han'writin' on a card" . . . Cooper's entry was a marvelous animal but as usual, there was some difference of opinion amongst the spectators . . . That Afghan looked awfully good . . . The whippet races were decidedly fun and attracted an interested group . . . As a suggested feature . . . a race for the handlers and owners as they lope to the finishing line flapping their towels would keep the excitement at a pitch and serve to kill any dull moments . . . Tippy Toes won the finals by several lengths and challenged all competitors to a duel as they came straggling in. The whippets were the happiest dogs there and little Tippy Toes a strong candidate for the mythical trophy of best-liked dog in show . . . Even show dogs want love and attention . . . at heart, all dogs are pets . . . the First Dog was a pet and an international champion has been found taking care of the baby . . . they must have something upon which to concentrate their loyalty. Every dog needs a job . . . give them an interest in life and you will always have a healthy animal . . . some are shoe-inspectors, some mind the baby, others are front-door barkers . . . If the furniture is prized, buy a short-haired dog . . . if he is to be kept outside, a long coat is more satisfactory to him . . . Adolph Hanke looked both puzzled and pleased when his black cocker, Ch. My Own Backwoodsman, was defeated by Rex Argentum, bred and raised by Mrs. Adolph Hanke in their own back woods at Hatton Fields, Carmel . . .

Champion Elfindale Enchantress, Midget to her friends, went Best of Breed in the smooth fox terriers . . . there has been some talk of combining the smooths and wire-hairs in the future which seems hardly sound judgment . . . The Old Smoothie is one of the first terriers and the wire-hair a more tailored product of the same blood . . . They may as well combine the Scotty and the Cairn . . . The Tail Wagger Foundation of America was well represented and many members brought their owners . . . Mr. Lindsay, Executive Secretary, was on hand to see that every dog would get a bark if not a ribbon . . . Train your dog by voice; only a light cuff is ever necessary . . . never with the hand, a newspaper is best . . . Remember he *wants* to do something for you, and properly taught, he will respond to the slightest variation in tone . . . Always give him the same command when he is asked to perform a certain job . . . and a good fifty per cent of the people who have been bitten have offended a dog's dignity . . . even the scrubbiest mongrel has his taboos . . . Necessity's Double might have gone further than he did in the Scottish Terriers . . . A Scotty should be dour and dignified according to tradition . . . but Necessity's Double chose to sit down and run out a laughing tongue at the opposition in the final judging of the breed . . . he's a stout fellow, that dog . . . but it was the wrong moment to sit down . . . Soap and water twice a month is often enough . . . the less your dog is bathed—the happier you both are . . . He will have a better coat and not shed as much if you brush instead of bathing . . . it must feel undignified to be covered with suds . . . to have soap in your eyes and be forced to listen to remarks like . . . "well, if you don't look funny . . . you certainly look like a drowned rat" . . . even a drowned rat probably doesn't like the picture he presents . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Heckert, Jr., of Santa Barbara, scored a clean sweep when their German Shepherds went winners in all divisions except the puppy and novice classes . . . and Mrs. W. H. Coleman has a very excellent idea in operating her kennels . . . showing dogs for only two years . . . she still keeps them as pets all running together in a two and one-half acre tract . . . Poodles, Dalmatians and Dachshundes . . . Her poodle, Roulette of Fair Acres, not only defeated the heretofore invincible Ch. Knight of Piperscroft of Blakeen in going Best of Breed but went on to take first in the non-sporting group . . . her zippy little dachshunde . . . Ch. Mops of Featherhill . . . a marvelous specimen . . . has sired four litters and already seven of his puppies are winning in their classes . . . nice work, Mops . . . the two and one-half acre run seems to be the thing . . . no more table scraps for the pup in the house . . . the best kennels are feeding tomato juice, cod-liver oil and giving the ailing little tikes sun baths . . . even a bit of cod-liver oil on the table scraps will be of great benefit . . . and dogs like it . . . they lap it up . . . dog shows are fun . . . more people should attend . . . even if one only owns a — well — a sort of a — well he's kind of a shepherd . . . one owes it to Shep to look them all over and come home and tell him what a swell dog he is.

(Continued on Page 36)

MRS. KARL VON HAGEN
and her sister
GENEVIEVE TOBIN



The Charles Boldt estate on the Riviera at Santa Barbara.

The new summer White House?

Babblings

By THE BRAT

MISS BARBARA TOBIN and
MR. HARRY HASTINGS

Stories that Santa Barbara is to become the winter capital of the United States are rampant, but like most stories rampant, largely fiction founded on slim hope. That the President of the United States and the First Lady will visit Santa Barbara for a week during September is highly probable, provided the President and his lady come to California. Already Mrs. Boldt Weber has placed her home and servants at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. Clarence Phelps has offered dormitories in the State College nearby for the usual retinue accompanying a Presidential progress. Those looking forward to meeting the President, and those who would not meet him under any circumstances, may pocket their plans. Like Garbo he wants to be alone. Santa Barbara's one hope is that the visit to their ocean-washed, island-guarded, mountain-girded, sun-kissed city will be the cornerstone from which their Capital-in-the-air will materialize.

Ridding herself of Henry has again placed Muriel Vanderbilt Church Phelps in a distressing limelight. Nearly the victim of a clever extortion plot in Reno and the recipient of daily letters from men of all walks, including a Northwestern Mountie eager to fill the vacancy left by Henry, Muriel's faith in human nature has hit a new low. Especially since the one on whom her heart seems set prefers the company of moviedom's Shiela Terry. Though most girls, Shiela included, faced with a similar choice would take the Mountie any day, I am told.

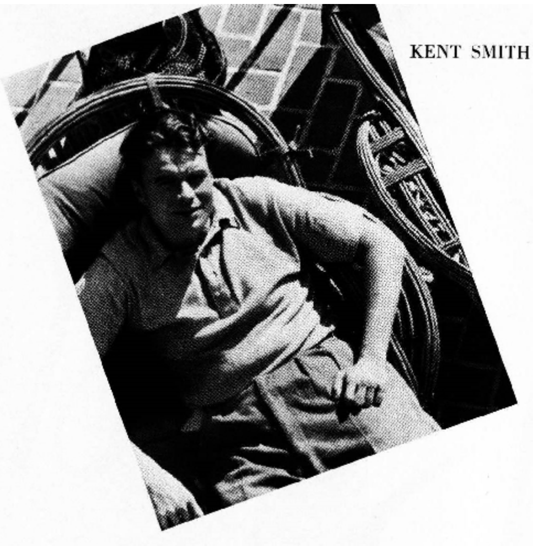
Felton Elkins has been obliging about distributing himself matrimonially. Time was when almost any Burlingame girl could feel that by the law of average in due time she, too, might become another Mrs. Felton Elkins for a season or so. And so Felton became quite a favorite with the women of the North. His marriage out of the clan to a Britisher was never considered playing the game and when the Britisher won a second term those in the waiting line became rude. And Burlingame can be rude and some more. Not to Felton, because one never knows, but to the lady last to take him for better or for worse and who has been making a pretty good job of it. Men seeing her for the first time look at her a second time—with approval. Women admit that she is rather good-looking as well as chic, but spoil the compliment with, "Who couldn't be chic with Felton's money to spend at clothes shops and beauty studios?" Mrs. Elkins need not quail under icy stares and glances or cool aloofness from those supposed to govern. Mostly those persons are not themselves three generations from shirtsleeves, and so far from being anything at all when they were about Mrs. Elkins' apparently tender age, that they could be frozen by one glance from persons of long training in scornfulness. In spite of Burlingame intolerance the Elkins' are building in their midst and it seems safe to venture that those who matter will be at the house-warming.

Molly McAdoo, with a bill of divorcement from William Gibbs, Jr., secure in her pocket, left for Philadelphia and the Democratic National Convention—a delegate from California. Showing that she is still espoused to the party, if not to California's first Democratic family. Reports have already drifted back that Molly was somewhat of a sensation with the old boys, but Molly will not be quick in choosing another running mate, Billy being the second to pan out badly.

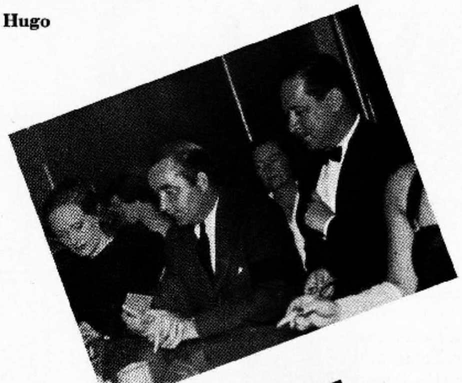
Chaffee Earle, after almost endless divorce proceedings, secured his freedom and forfeited it quickly to Miss Eve le Pier, who will be better known now that she is Mrs. Chaffee Earle. Chaffee's fortune is not

MRS. GEORGE KLEISER, JR.
MR. GEORGE KLEISER, JR.
MISS GLADYS MILLS
MRS. STANLEY PAGE
MRS. LAWRENCE McCUNE
MRS. CLARENCE PAULSEN
MISS PATRICIA TOBIN

Photos by L. L. Hugo



KENT SMITH



TALA BIRELL
MR. JOSEPH HIXON
ROBERT BENCHLEY

ZIZI ARMSTRONG and
RUFUS SPAULDING

MR. and MRS.
CHRISTIAN DE GUIGNE

what it used to be, what with race horses, ill-advised investments, alimony, and certain complicated attachments on his trust fund all having a part in depleting it. But with all, the young couple have managed enough to buy the Phil Berg beach home in Malibu and seem as happy as newlyweds should be.

Jarvis Earle, who has been known to win as much as sixty-five thousand dollars in an evening at Caliente, now tempts his luck at penny roulette at Balboa, where the other evening he won a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which, if you count them, are a lot of pennies.

Tallulah Bankhead is back in Hollywood, high, high on the water wagon. A resolution which, I am told, is as clearing to her complexion as it is dulling to her wit.

Lydia Macy booked passage on the Aquitania and flew to New York. Now she is in London, having made the crossing on the Europa. Exercising a woman's prerogative, no doubt.

If Kitty Lane freed herself from Ned because his business interfered with her pleasure she will find herself no better off wed to, say, Odell McConnell or J. F. T. O'Conner, both of whom seem to be finding favor in the eyes of this divorcee. Could it be that, busy or not, lawyers are to this lady like catnip to a kitty—irresistible? But wouldn't any extravagant lady think twice before allying with one whose business it is to *control currency?*

If history is to be made this summer in Santa Barbara, and history has a way of being made in Santa Barbara in the summer, it will doubtless center around the residence of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, who have leased their home for the season to Billy Fiske and Bob Rowan. Guests at the housewarming included the Countess of Warwick, Typewriter Smith, Eleanor and Jimmy Bodrero, Zizi Armstrong and Rufus Spaulding, Gertrude Macy, Milly Kelleher, Robert Benchley, Joe Hixon, Tala Birell, and Virginia Childs, recently arrived from Pittsburgh.

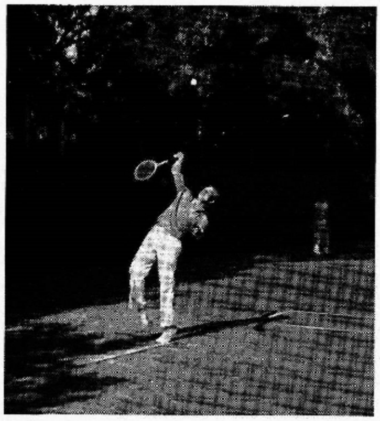
—Graham

ANNE MORGAN, GUSSIE RAEGENER, MARGARET OSBORNE

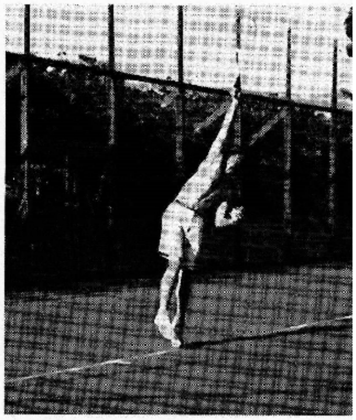
AT YOUR SERVICE

A page of photos by L. L. Hugo with three little girls from Del Monte

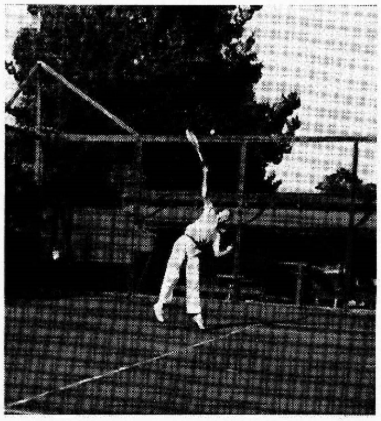
MISS ALICE MARBLE



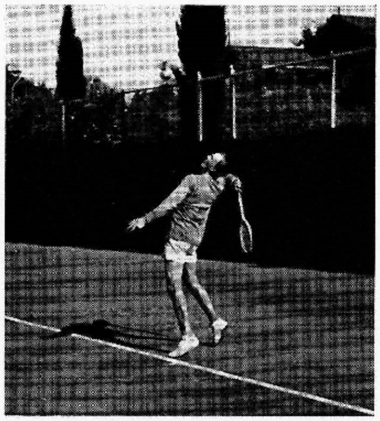
WILLIAM DOEG



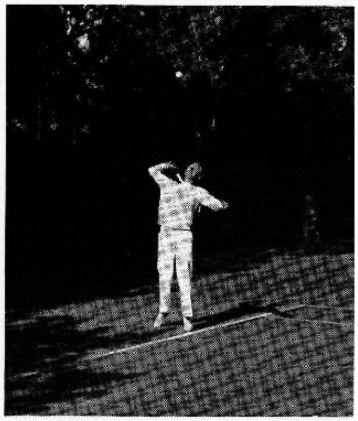
DAVID GRAY, JR.



BUNNY BENOIT

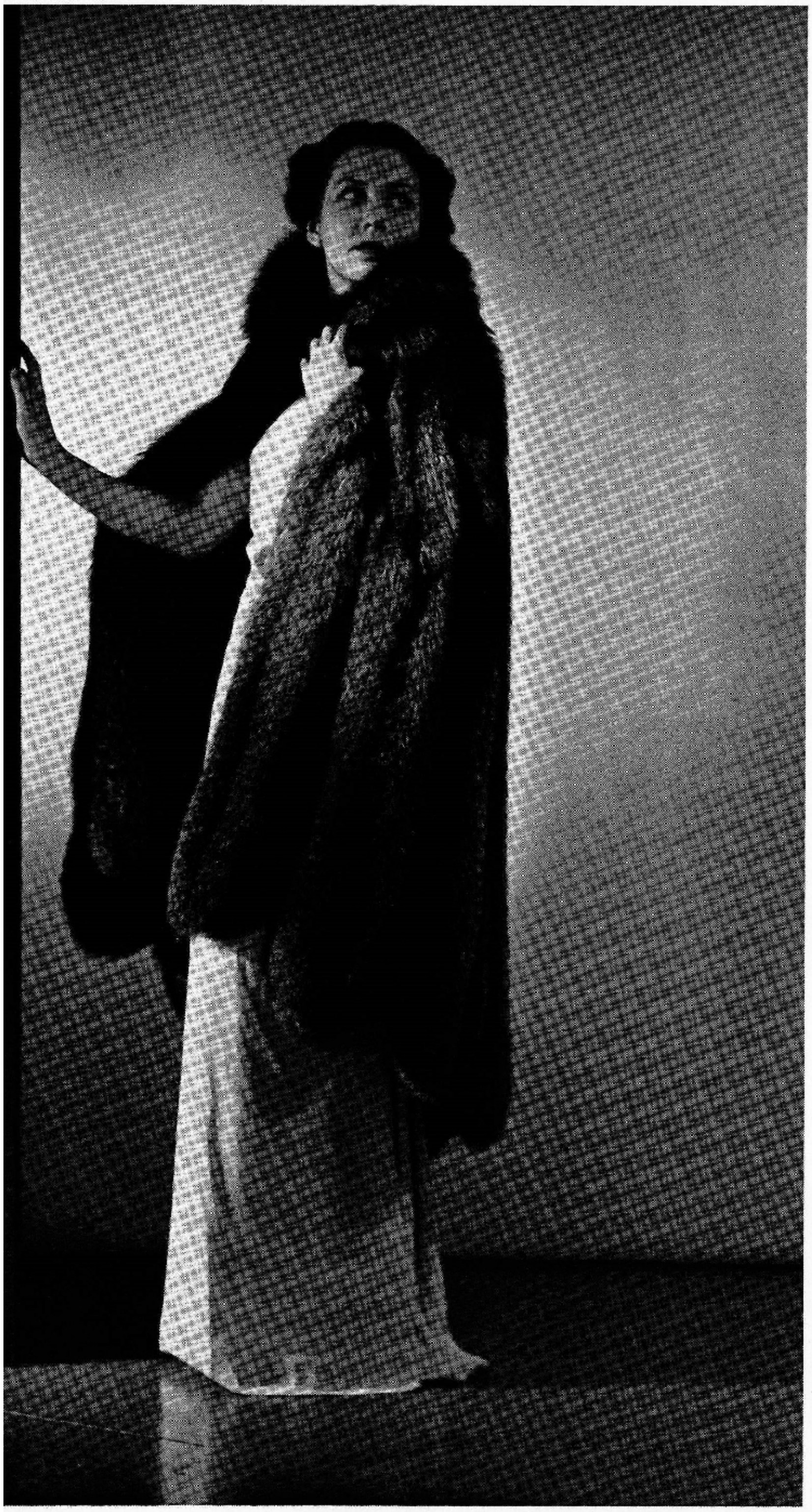


HENRY CULLEY



DAVID "BRICKY" CONRAD

Models from Arnold Liebes.

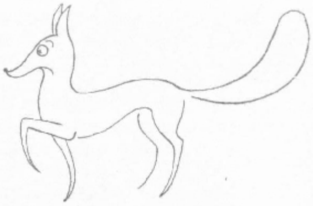


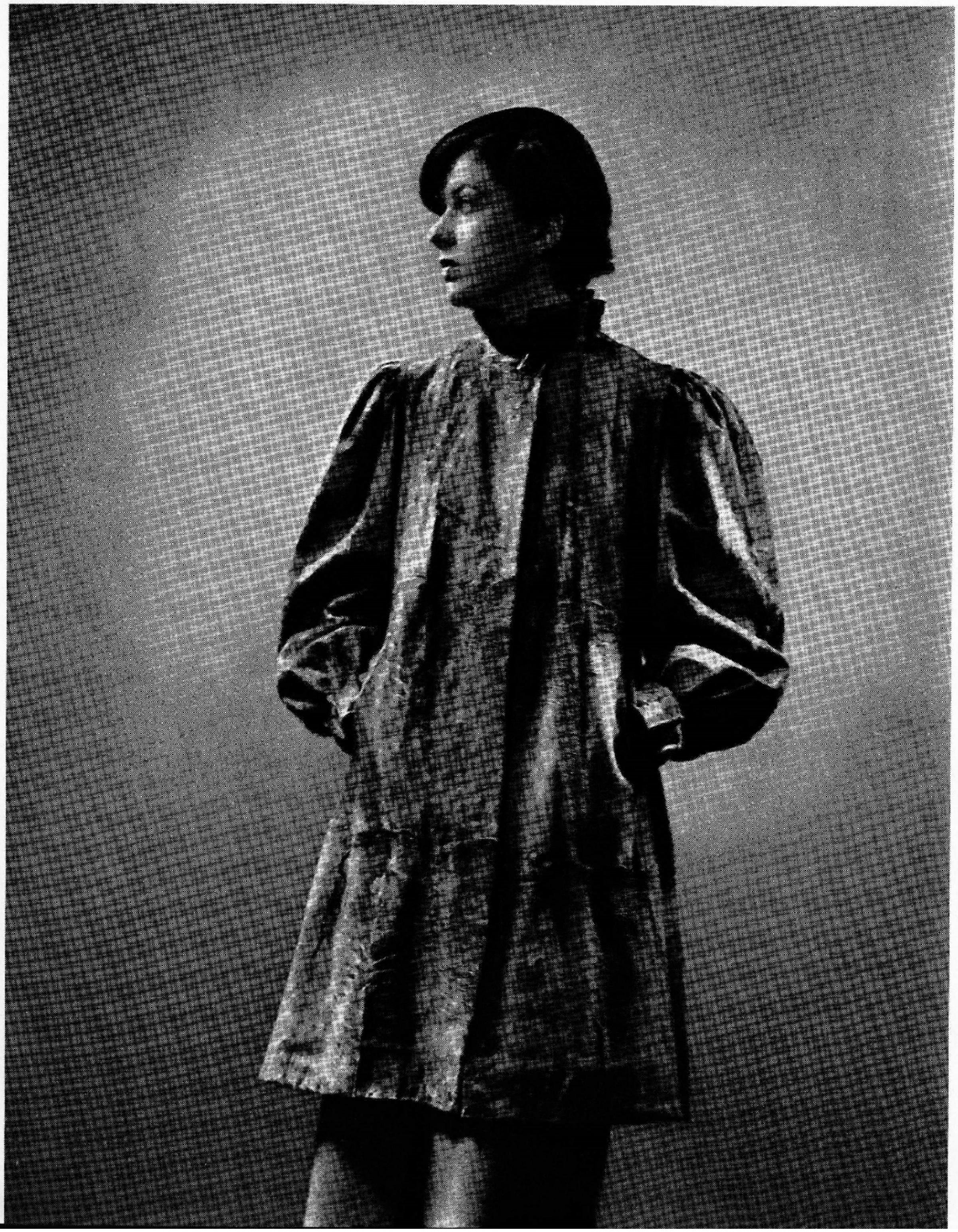
furs

●

Ten glorious silver fox skins make the glamorous wrap of the girl on this page while on the opposite page the new wide shoulder line and full, graceful sleeves are shown in this model of two-toned lamb.

●





NEW YORK INTERLUDE

by Barbara (New York) Boston

Gee, it must be swell to write something and actually see it in print! If the circulation hadn't swollen so, I suppose there would have been enough copies of the last issue to go around, and I'd have seen what I wrote. Still, friends in furrin parts write me wondrous things about the new set-up; if you aren't using last month's copy to swat flies with, you can send it to me—I can send it to my mother after I've read it, and so it can go back and back through the ages.

For countless years—in fact, ever since childhood—we have made an annual rite of a trip to the circus. We went again this year, but varied the procedure by having supper first with the performers. It was fun. Just think, though, if you get inside the chow-tent you have this to contend with: Ringling Brothers feed 1,500 people each day and that means 4,500 meals—the most Stupendious—the most Gigantic stummick ache under canvas anywhere! For dinner they use 1,500 pounds of potatoes, 600 pounds of bread, 135 pounds of coffee, 105 gallons of soup, 1,300 pounds of meat, 120 pounds of onions, 160 ten-inch pies, cut in eighths, and forty gallons of rice-pudding to top it off, not to forget twelve sheets of cake each containing 64 pieces. Breakfast consists of fruit, hot cereal, pancakes, eggs, bacon, ham, toast, coffee and 1,100 pounds either of pork chops or of hamburger steak. Twenty-seven men cook all this under the direction of three chefs. Now will you go on complaining because your Great Danes eat you out of house and home?

I had always heard of the great love and loyalty circus people have for one another. We'll just explode that myth here and now. It's a fight to the finish and only the fittest live to continue the fight. Some of them told me this malicious piece of gossip about their dear friend, one of the gals who earns her 1,100 pounds of pork chops by flying around "no-handsies," supported only by her teeth; her husband eats ground glass and nails and swallows daggers on the side. Girlie went to the hospital to become a little mother for the first time. Lots of laugh-gas was administered and she emerged just in time to hear the nurse yip, "It's a girl." Then more fumes assailed her as the doctor realized it was going to be a duet instead of a solo . . . a passage of time for all but her . . . consciousness dawned again and she heard the medico say, "It's a boy." She pulled herself up on one elbow and snapped, "Say, if you bums can't figure it out, bring it over here and let me have a look!"

O, yes, circus folk are full of little loving-kindnesses about one another!

We had a wild taxi ride back to New York—I forgot to tell you that we went over to the wilds of Brooklyn for the circus party. It's still under tents there, and we wanted to get the real atmosphere, the smell of sawdust, etc. A little refreshment seemed in order, and Harlem being too far away, we landed at the *Caliente* in West 52nd Street. If you like very torrid "shim-sham" band music, go there. They have the Six Rhythm Boys who gave Ethel Waters such neat support when she sang "Hottentot Potentate" in "At Home Abroad." No one dances, although there's a floor for it. The habitants of the place prefer to sit and listen to the outcome of a suitcase tickled by a couple of whisk-brooms. Stop in some night. The *Onyx Club*, which has had a great go lately, is next door, but it's so packed with screaming people that we didn't stop to hear their band, though it's considered very good—Guess my old claustrophobia was responsible again. You really will get more out of *Caliente* and not feel like an oversize sardine.

If your curiosity is still avid, news has been received of Johnny Edgerton. He is alive and well, living with relatives in Connecticut and not doing very much. I hear from a beautiful green-eyed damsel of my acquaintance that he's as attractive as ever and hasn't changed much from the old Santa Barbara days.

Dwight Fiske is in London at the *Florida*. He'll be back in the fall for another amazing Savoy-Plaza contract. His new book will be out on October 3rd, and this is one person whom he can count on to invest in a copy. Have you heard his "Uncle Tom's Cabana" yet?

The invitation read, "Charlotte and Norton Conway, Frank and Kelvin Vanderlip want you to come to a dinner-dance to launch Virginia Vanderlip and Dudley Schoales at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, etc." It was a swell launching. Virginia will

LYON BOSTON
LEONARD SILLMAN
Photograph by McNutt

be Mrs. Schoales by the time you read this. The wedding is to be a family affair, but the party was numerous enough to make up. Cordelia Gurnee was one of the belles of the evening. Lucy Cumming, her sister, was not visibly carrying the torch for Ted. I understand that the divorce is already on the way, but not in Reno, as Lucy has been having a whirl right here. Janet Conway had come on from Boston for the celebration and looked well. Arthur Menken is back from his expedition and was seen in conversation with many flatterers, but his eyes have a way of roving. Who's it to be, Arthur? The Albert Parkers (Rosemary Harden) looked amused. Rosie and her husband have taken a miniature house in Scarborough for the summer. It's quite perfect, and uniquely christened "The Small House." The living-room is about nine by twelve feet. It must be lots of fun after the sixteen-room Fifth Avenue apartment in which she spends the winter.

A new and very swank cafe has opened at Rockefeller Center in the valley where the bronze man holds a "truckin" pose in a suspended ring. Fountains plash, trees sway, and the whole business is very fancy. It made me sympathize with the girl in the goldfish bowl who used to perform at the French Casino (and who, being quite nude, the police used systematically to search for concealed weapons), as multitudes of people hang over the fence and watch what you put in your mouth. If you're going to be here this summer, go there to eat and be seen, or just to hang over the wall and see.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood II are delighted to have a very new and very sweet daughter, whom they have christened Dora. Everyone who has seen her approves.

I decided to pay a visit to Lilly Dache the other day. (See advance fall sketches, page 14.) She was trying on some of her own creations and humming with approval as she saw the reflection in the mirror. I hummed softly myself. What hats, lids, chapeaux! I practically went mad. Anita Louise was stocking up for the summer, and is just about as attractive and natural a movie sparklet as I have ever seen. We took turns trying on Dache creations. Miss Dorothy, who has more sense about hats than Empress Eugenie, restrained my madder impulses. One, a large Navy brimmed hat with a white crown and three birds, red, white and blue, looking as though they had just landed from Paradise, was a temptation; then came a saucy natural straw sailor with a casual bunch of wild-flowers tucked in front. I tried on a copy of the hat Dietrich wore in "Desire," but looked like hell, not being a tall Dache blonde. The fall models are jewel-colors, velvets and satins with elongated brims—the bigger the brim the better. I am told that Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Gladys Swarthout and heaven knows how many other well-topped people get their hats there. Just ask for Miss Dorothy—she is a positive genius and won't let you walk off with anything unbecoming.

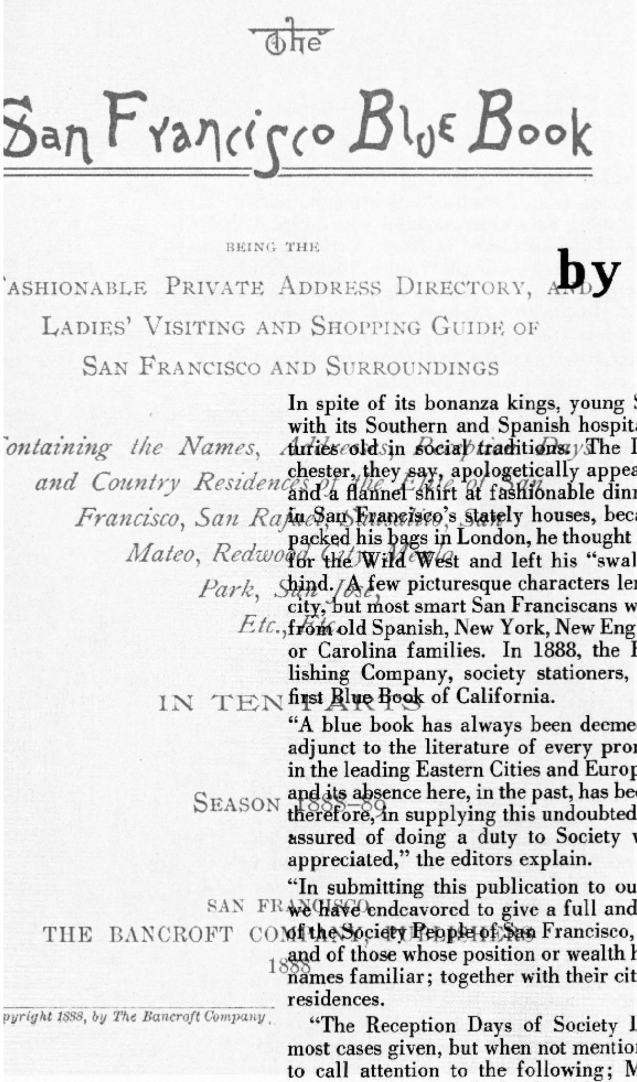
George Alexander has become such a boating addict that he has resigned his prominent job and gone on the Bermuda race. Mrs. John W. Blodgett, Jr., having dispensed with the cast on her leg, has gone to Hawaii to recuperate and Jack is a very lonely sight without his Jane.

Have you heard Frances Maddux's recording of "These Foolish Things"? She made it for the Liberty Music Shop here in New York, and it is worth sending for. For sustained syncopation get Jimmie Lunsford's Decca record of "Dream of You." These are highly recommended, along with "After All," a fascinating book I've just finished by Elsie deWolf (Lady Mendl).

Tomorrow night the Atlantic Beach Club has its opening dinner-dance and I want to be as fresh as a freesia, so I must soon finish this Interlude. Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken is to be our hostess, and I wouldn't miss it for a dozen cheeseburgers. If I stay up much later, I'm afraid I'll look like one.

Lunch at the Colony Restaurant—sounds like the title of a song, but the Colony is poetical. Ernest, its gracious host, is back after an ill-spared absence, looking better than ever. It is so cool and gentile there—the food is beyond description—ambrosia. We saw Princess Ketto Mikeladze and Mrs. Frank Reeves looking very chic, Mr. J. F. Byers and his daughter, Nancy, the Duke of Verdura and Mrs. Shevlin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pulitzer with Mrs. Woolcott Blair, Prince Serge Obolensky and Mr. Saverly Sorine (the famous Russian painter), Countess di Frasso and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Donald Ogden Stewart, the Lawrence Tibbetts, Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward. You had better reserve a table in advance.

Leonard Sillman, New York's most youthful and talented theatrical producer, has scored again with the newest edition of "New Faces." We missed some of the old ones, but Imogene Coca enchanted us with "Miss Mimsey's Dancing School" and "The Gypsy Tea Kettle." Beautiful Marion Martin is an eyeful. Jack Smart, Pan-like child, who weighs close to 300 pounds, got a big hand. Sepia Billie Hayward and Cliff Allen stop the show with their torrid version of "My last Affair." It is soon to be published, and I want to be one of the first to own a copy—I have memorized some of the words and the first part of the tune—it's inspired! The cast gave a benefit for the Actors' Fund at the Hotel Weylin a few days ago, which was a great success. Mr. Sillman, Mr. Boston and I were flash-lighted and the results should be found elsewhere in the column—don't look too closely for me, as my hand wandered in with a pair of very sharp scissors. Apart from ours, "New Faces" is the town's hit show.



The
San Francisco Blue Book

BEING THE
ASHIONABLE PRIVATE ADDRESS DIRECTORY, AND
LADIES' VISITING AND SHOPPING GUIDE OF
SAN FRANCISCO AND SURROUNDINGS

ontaining the Names, Addresses, Reception Days and Country Residences of the Elite of San Francisco, San Rafael, Sausalito, San Mateo, Redwood City, Menlo Park, San Jose, Etc., Etc.

IN TEN PARTS

SEASON 1888–89

SAN FRANCISCO
THE BANCROFT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1888

pyright 1888, by The Bancroft Company

by James Abbott

In spite of its bonanza kings, young San Francisco with its Southern and Spanish hospitality was centuries old in social traditions. The Duke of Manchester, they say, apologetically appeared in tweeds and a flannel shirt at fashionable dinners and balls in San Francisco's stately houses, because, when he packed his bags in London, he thought he was sailing for the Wild West and left his "swallow-tails" behind. A few picturesque characters lent color to the city, but most smart San Franciscans were descended from old Spanish, New York, New England, Virginia or Carolina families. In 1888, the Bancroft Publishing Company, society stationers, compiled the first Blue Book of California.

"A blue book has always been deemed an essential adjunct to the literature of every prominent family in the leading Eastern Cities and European Capitals; and its absence here, in the past, has been noticeable; therefore, in supplying this undoubted want, we feel assured of doing a duty to Society which will be appreciated," the editors explain.

"In submitting this publication to our subscribers, we have endeavored to give a full and complete list of the Society People of San Francisco, Oakland, etc., and of those whose position or wealth has made their names familiar; together with their city and country residences.

"The Reception Days of Society Ladies are, in most cases given, but when not mentioned, we desire to call attention to the following; Monday is the Reception Day at all Hotels and Boarding Houses, with the exception of the Berkshire, which has both Monday and Thursday."

Following the editor's "Introductory" is the list of who's who in early California society, with such names as James Phelan, known as the "millionaire mayor," and president of the Bohemian Club for many years; Leland Stanford (whose wife's collection of rubies was the finest in the world); Tevis, in whose home some of San Francisco's most wonderful parties were given; Crocker (there were at least seven families) and the Sutros, to mention a few. By importing Eucalyptus trees from Australia for his garden, Adolph Sutro (one of the Nevada millionaires) was responsible for the trees in California. Included on the list are the names of the "Big Four": James Flood, James M. MacKay, James G. Fair (Virginia Fair became Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt) and William S. O'Brien, owners of the Consolidated Silver Mines of Nevada, which produced three hundred millions in six years alone. The George Hearsts and their son, William Randolph Hearst, are listed under the H's.

According to advertisements in this quaint little volume, Miss West's school or Miss Lake's was the correct place for young ladies to be educated. And the theaters were the Grand Opera House, where Schumann-Heink sang "Die Walkure" with Frank Damrosch conducting; the Baldwin Theater, where Edwin Booth played his last San Francisco engagement, the Tivoli and Alcazar.

In the 1890's one read the San Francisco Chronicle, Daily Report, Daily Morning Call (where Fremont Older was at that time one of the assistant city editors), Daily Morning Examiner. Ambrose Bierce instead of McIntyre was one's favorite columnist. There are also advertisements for the Illustrated Wasp and Overland Monthly.

At least half of the book is devoted to clubs and their members. "The Pacific Club (now the Pacific Union) was established May 13, 1852," says the Blue Book, "for the promotion of social intercourse among its members and was incorporated in March, 1882. The membership is limited to 300 and in the admission of new members strict conservatism is exercised."

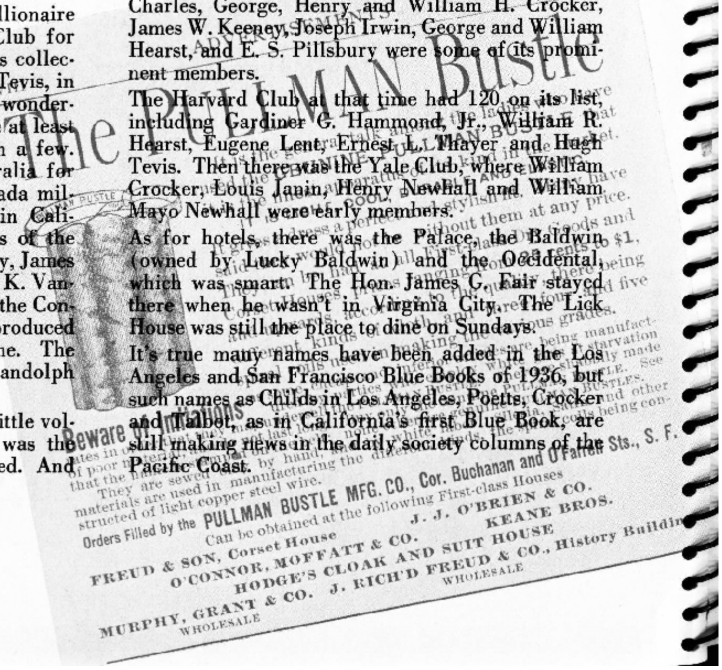
There were tennis clubs, canoe, yacht and cotillon clubs. The Bachelors' Cotillon Club met every two weeks during the season. Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Tessie Fair (Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs), Miss Inez Macondray, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Everett N. Bee, Herbert E. Carolan, George A. Newhall and James Phelan were some of the belles and beaux who met to dance the German in the season of 1888-89.

In the glittering 80's Samuel L. Clemens, Edwin Booth, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Miss Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin Miller were honorary members of the Bohemian Club and Robert Louis Stevenson used to go there with Mrs. Stevenson before he sailed for the South Seas. Emil A. Bruguiere, Francis J. Carolan, Ira D. Coolbrith, Charles, George, Henry and William H. Crocker, James W. Keeney, Joseph Irwin, George and William Hearst, and E. S. Pillsbury were some of its prominent members.

The Harvard Club at that time had 120 on its list, including Gardiner G. Hammond, Jr., William R. Hearst, Eugene Lent, Ernest L. Thayer and Hugh Tevis. Then there was the Yale Club, where William Crocker, Louis Janin, Henry Newhall and William Mayo Newhall were early members.

As for hotels, there was the Palace, the Baldwin, (owned by Lucky Baldwin) and the Occidental, which was smart. The Hon. James G. Fair stayed there when he wasn't in Virginia City. The Lick House was still the place to dine on Sundays.

It's true many names have been added in the Los Angeles and San Francisco Blue Books of 1936, but such names as Childs in Los Angeles, Poetts, Crocker and Talbot, as in California's first Blue Book, are still making news in the daily society columns of the Pacific Coast.



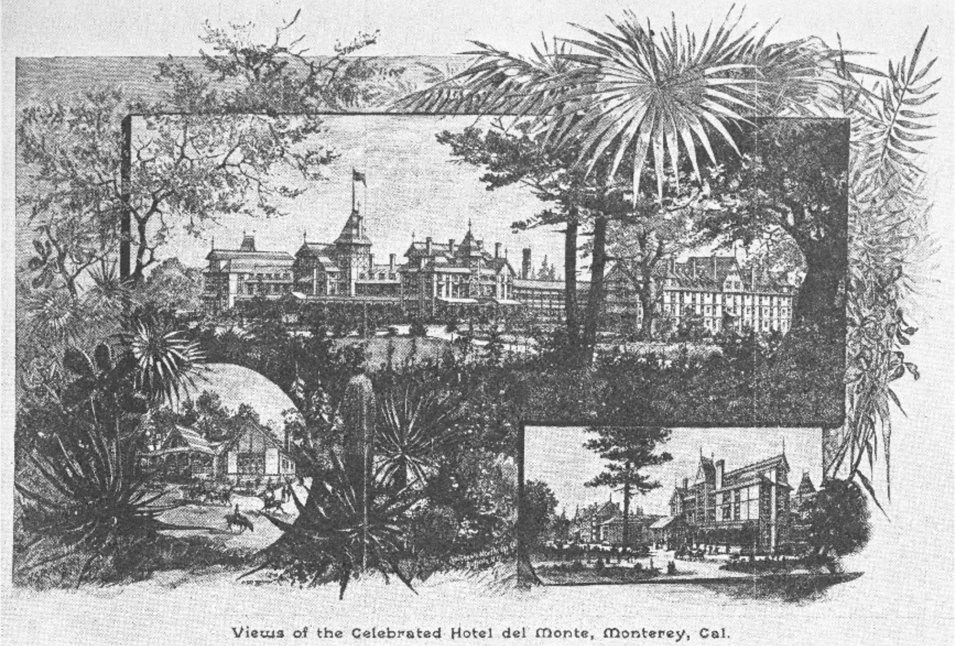
The PULLMAN Bustle

Beware of Imitations

Orders Filled by the PULLMAN BUSTLE MFG. CO., Cor. Buchanan and O'Farrell Sts., S. F.

Can be obtained at the following First-class Houses

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.
KEANE BROS.
FREUD & SON, Corset House
O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.
HODGE'S CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE
J. RICH'D FREUD & CO., History Buildin
WHOLESALE
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.
WHOLESALE



Views of the Celebrated Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal.

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD

SOCIETY CALENDAR

ENGAGEMENTS

Armstrong-Spaulding. Miss Zizi Armstrong, daughter of Mrs. Kent Parrot of Beverly Hills and Montecito and Earl V. Armstrong of Pasadena and Montecito, to Mr. Rufus Paine Spaulding, Jr., son of Rufus Paine Spaulding of San Marino.

Baker-Nutting. Miss Betsy R. Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ross Baker of San Francisco, to Mr. Franklin P. Nutting, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Nutting of San Francisco.

Formonaier-Howard. Mlle. Simone Formonaier of Brussels to Mr. Henry S. Howard, son of Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo.

Griffith-Latta. Miss Constance Elizabeth Griffith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith of Ross, to Mr. John Latta, Jr., of Portland, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Latta of Portland.

Law-Hewitt. Miss Elyse Law, daughter of Harold W. Law of San Francisco to Mr. Anderson F. Hewitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shepard Hewitt of New York and Cold Springs Harbor, Long Island.

Murphy-Ryan. Miss Florence Murphy, daughter of Mrs. Alyce Sullivan Murphy of San Francisco, to Mr. Daniel B. Ryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan of San Francisco.

Pechtel-Bee. Miss Ruth Marie Pechtel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carr Sheldon Pechtel of San Francisco to Mr. Ricard Payson Bee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilson Bee of Chicago.

MARRIED

Barbour-Dillingham. Miss Harriet Barbour, daughter of Mrs. John Edwards Barbour of Paterson, New Jersey, to Mr. Lowell Dillingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Dillingham of La Pietra, Honolulu, in the Church of the Messiah in Paterson.

Fitzsimmons-Alker, May 30. Miss Dorothy Jane Fitzsimmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude James Fitzsimmons of San Francisco, to Mr. Hayward R. Alker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Alker of Sands Point, Long Island, in the gardens of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alker.

Goodwin-Brown, June 22. Mrs. Beatrice Sewell Goodwin of Rydal, Pennsylvania, and Montecito, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sewell of Rydal, to Mr. Neilson Brown of Philadelphia and Montecito, son of Mrs. George Ferguson of Philadelphia, in All Saints Church-by-the-Sea in Montecito.

Hart-Kleiser, June 25. Miss Genevieve Hart, daughter of Mrs. L. Day Hart of San Mateo, to Mr. George Kleiser, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kleiser of San Mateo, in St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in San Mateo.

Hopkins-Ripley, June 20. Miss Constance Thayer Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Arundel Hopkins of Santa Barbara to Mr. David Tirrell Hellyer, son of Mrs. Thomas Emerson Ripley of Santa Barbara, in the Dwight Memorial chapel of Yale University.

Mejia-Orena. Miss Elvira Mejia of San Francisco to Mr. Arturo Orena of Santa Barbara, in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

Mitchel-Valentine, June 25. Miss Germaine Mitchel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt H. Mitchel of Los Angeles, to Mr. Henry Winthrop Valentine of Los Angeles, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel.

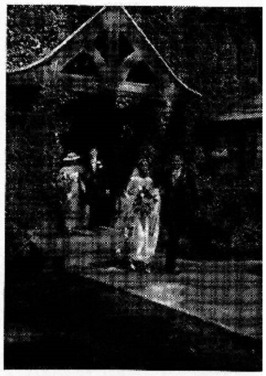
Salisbury-Janin, June 19. Miss Evelyn Salisbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker Salisbury of San Francisco to Mr. Covington Janin, son of Mrs. George Harry Mendell of San Francisco, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury.

Vanderlip-Schoales, June 26. Miss Virginia Vanderlip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip of New York and Palos Verdes Hills, to Mr. Dudley Schoales of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Schoales of Cleveland, Ohio, in St. Mary's Church, Scarborough.

Wheeler-Gledhill, May 23. Miss Margaret Page Wheeler, daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Page Wheeler, and John Blake Emmons Wheeler, of Santa Barbara, to Mr. Keith Gledhill, son of William Edwin Gledhill of Santa Barbara, at All Saints Church-by-the-Sea in Montecito.

McAdoo-Shevlin, June 25. Mrs. Lorraine Rowan McAdoo of New York, daughter of Princess Orsini of Rome and Pasadena, to Mr. Thomas Shevlin, Jr., of New York, in Miami.

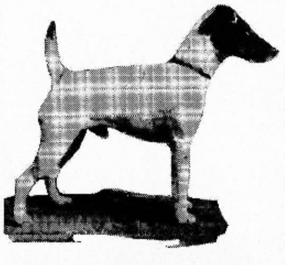
(Continued on Next Page)



MR. and MRS. KEITH GLEDHILL

Board Your DOGS

WHERE ONLY HEALTHY DOGS ARE ACCEPTED



ELFINDALE

•

Private Concrete Runs

•

Exercise Grounds Cover
20,000 Square Feet

•

Special Attention to
Individual Diets

•

MRS. E. B. DYER
1913 Coast Highway
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT
of San Francisco
TEACHER OF PIANO
Edgerly Court - Telephone 3118
SANTA BARBARA

Conditioning
Stripping

THIS
SPACE RESERVED
FOR

HALLMARK KENNELS

Soon to Open
in
Santa Barbara
near Montecito

P. H. SHAW, P.H.

Boarding - Bathing

DOGS

(Continued from Page 25)

THE BOXER

Not the Max Schmeling type but the four-legged kind that runs about and barks. Much has been said about the origin of the breed, nobody seems to agree, but the general opinion is that here is a very nice dog.

At this time, there are approximately five hundred in the country.

The very name of Boxer should popularize the breed, and I have heard that their use of their paws in fighting had much to do with the selection of the name.

In which case we may expect to see a pedigree reading like this: Walloping Wally . . . Sire Ch. Left Hook Harry, Bitch Hammering Helen. They should at least feel at home in the judging ring and we may even see the judge counting ten over the losers.

SOCIETY CALENDAR

(Continued from Page 35)

WEDDINGS

Burden-Tobin. Mrs. James A. Burden of New York to Richard M. Tobin of San Francisco in July in Paris.

Bygrave-Bates. Miss Julia Bygrave, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bygrave of Concord, Massachusetts, to Mr. Edward H. Bates of Carpinteria in August in Concord.

Chamberlain-Creamer. Miss Ann Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chamberlain of Beverly Hills, to Mr. Michael S. Creamer, Jr., September 1.

Coffin-Hazeltine. Miss Frances Sue Coffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Coffin of Los Angeles, to Mr. Herbert Hazeltine of Los Angeles, in August.

Cowan-Mattison. Miss Arlis B. Cowan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cowan of Pasadena, to Mr. Raymond J. Mattison, son of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Mattison of Pasadena, July 1.

McFie-Coffey. Miss Virginia McFie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Ross McFie of Los Angeles, to Mr. Keating Coffey, son of Dr. and Mrs. Titian Coffey of Los Angeles, July 15, at the home of the bride's parents.

Mott-McCarthy. Miss Barbara Mott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin Mott of Los Angeles, to Mr. James Howard McCarthy, son of the late E. Avery McCarthy and Mrs. McCarthy of Los Angeles, July 25, in St. Vincent's Church, Los Angeles.

DIVORCES

McAdoo. Mexico City, June 24. Lorraine Rowan McAdoo of New York and Pasadena and Robert McAdoo.

Phelps. Reno. Muriel Vanderbilt Church Phelps of Newport and Carmel Valley and Henry Delafield Phelps.

BIRTHS

Edwards, June 27. To Mr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards of Santa Barbara, a son. Mrs. Edwards was Josephine Ross.

Hayward, June 27. To Mr. and Mrs. William Hayward of Santa Barbara, a daughter, Margaret Duer. Mrs. Hayward is the former Margaret Hatch, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Granthan Hatch.

Ullmann, Jr., June 12. To Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Ullmann, Jr., of Santa Barbara, a daughter, Martha Wilson. Mrs. Ullmann is the former Martha Dickinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Dickinson.

Walker, May 12. To Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Walker of Seattle, Washington, a daughter, Helena Lansing. Mrs. Walker is the former Betty Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson of Santa Barbara.

White, June 1. To Mr. and Mrs. Harwood White of Santa Barbara, a son, Gilbert Lawrence. Mrs. White is the former Alexandra Tonetti.

Leatherbee, March 7. To Mr. and Mrs. John Holland Leatherbee of Santa Barbara, a son, John Holland Leatherbee, Jr. Mrs. Leatherbee is the former Helen Ullmann.

Fair Acres Kennels

MR. AND MRS. W. H. COLEMAN

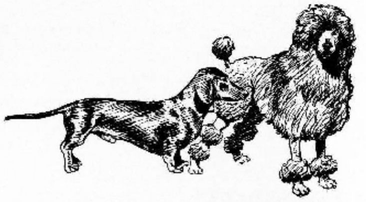
130 LAS TUNAS ROAD
SANTA BARBARA

French Poodles • Dachshunds

Imported Blood Lines

Champions at Stud

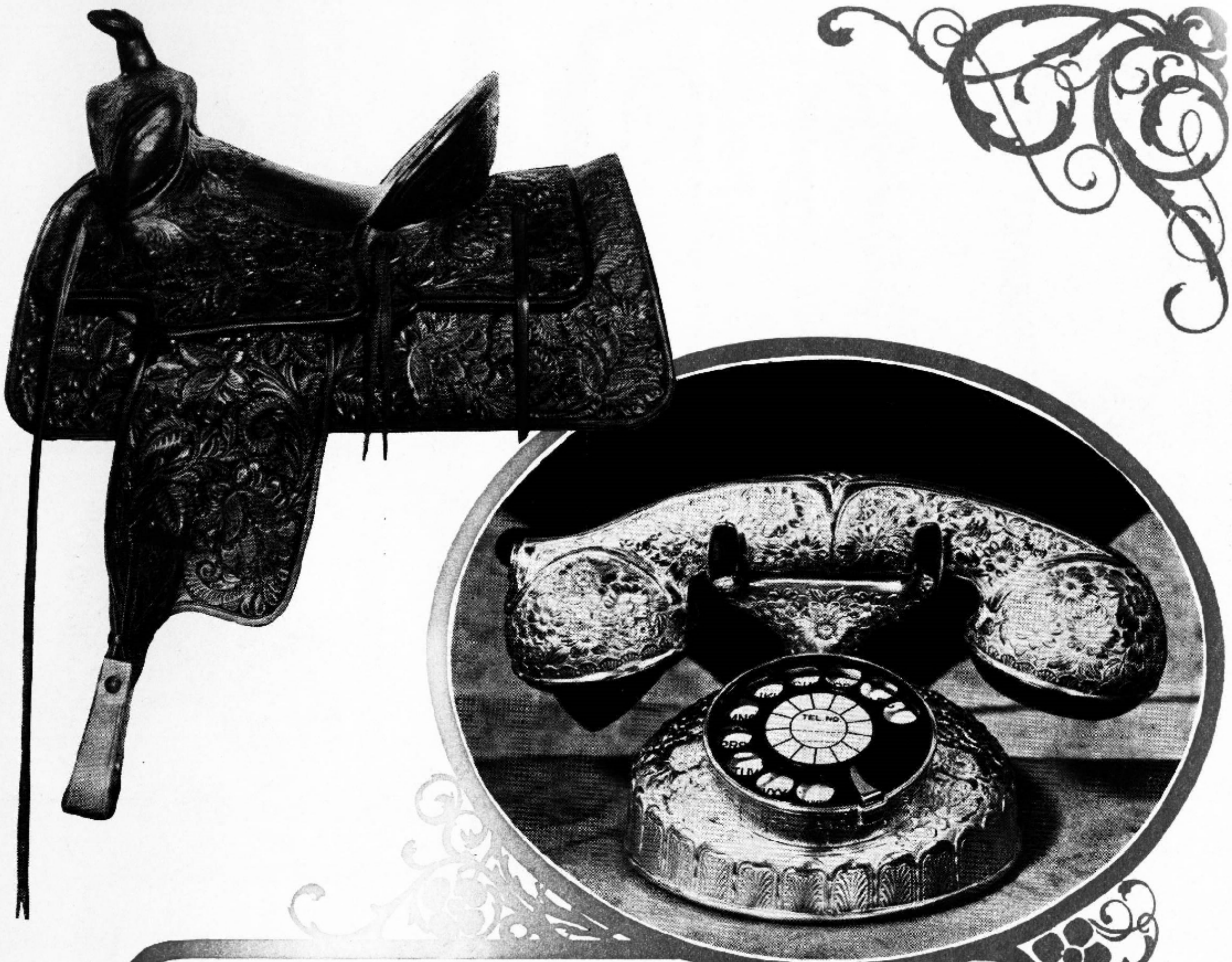
Puppies Available



ANDERSON QUALITY
Leica
FINISHING
★
CAMERAS • FILM SUPPLIES
QUALITY DEVELOPING,
PRINTING, ENLARGING

FRED G. ANDERSON
PHOTO SERVICE
1031 State Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.

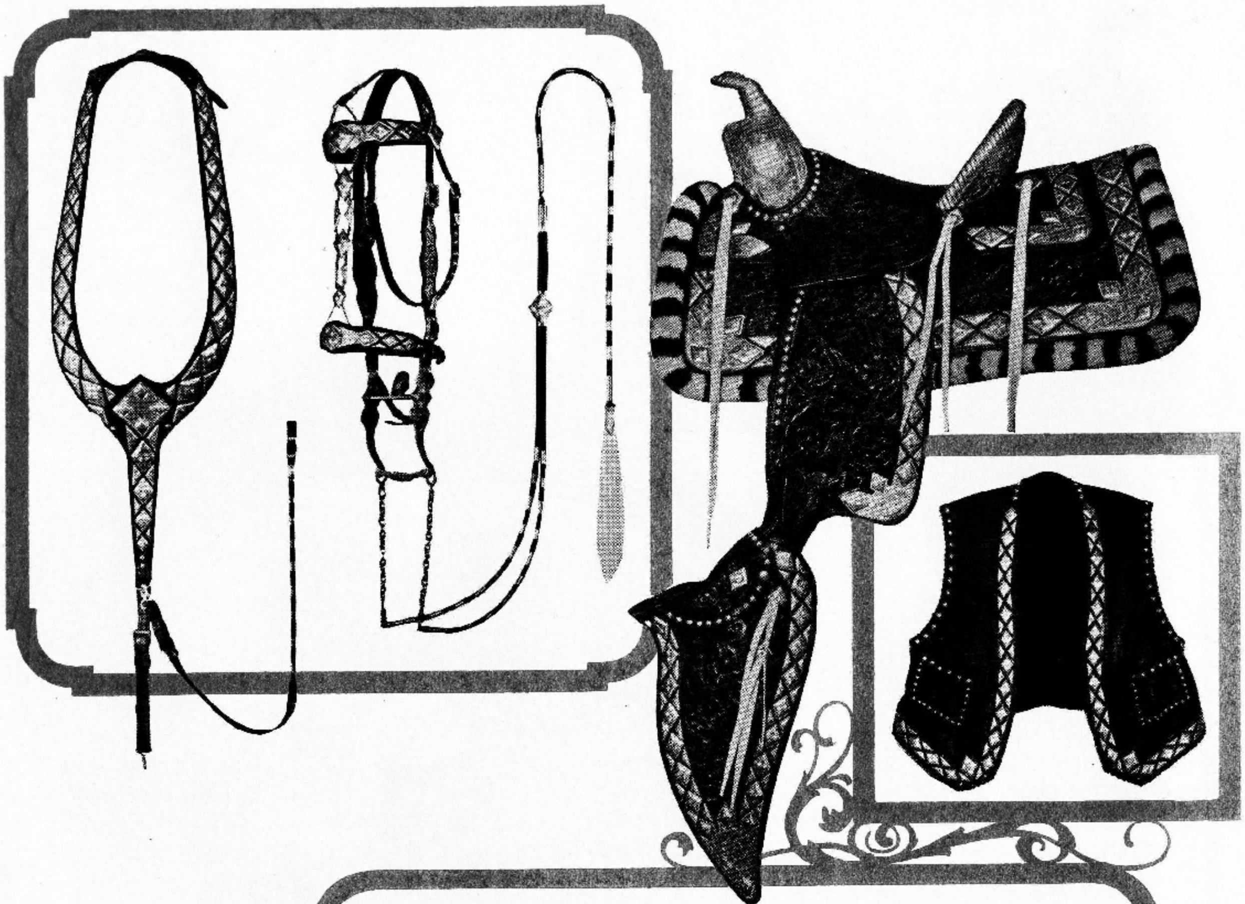
BEDLINGTON
TERRIERS
For Sale
Puppies
and Grown Stock
•
MR. AND MRS.
JOHN BREEDEN
Springdale Farm
SARATOGA, CALIF.



Edward H. Bohlin

6309 SUNSET BOULEVARD • HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

We specialize in saddle mounting, hollow ware, buckles, spurs, bits.
Silver inlaying on guns, etc.
All kinds of leather work to your order.
Catalog on request.
All manufacturing done on the premises.



Edward H. Bohlin

Manufacturer of

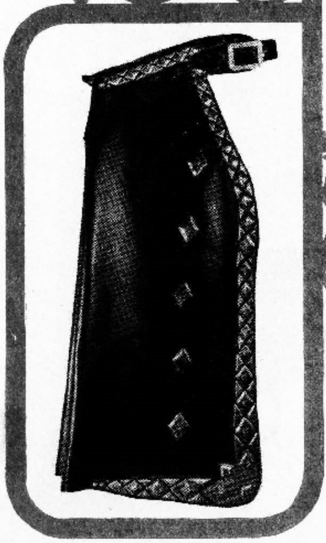
"World's finest" plain and silver mounted riding equipment.

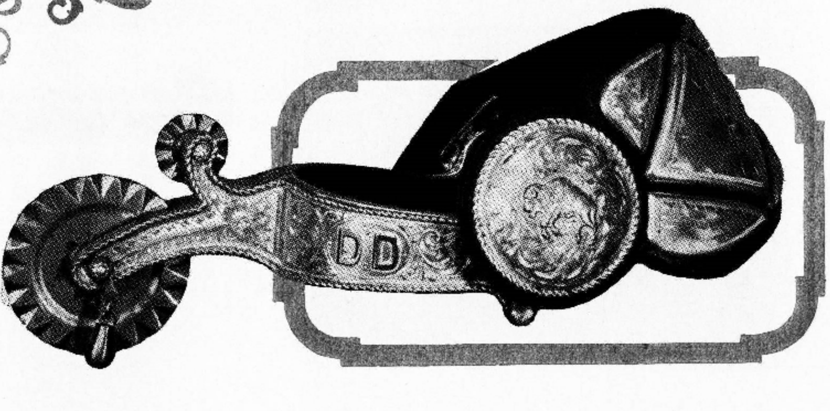
Sketches and prices submitted for your approval.

6309 SUNSET BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

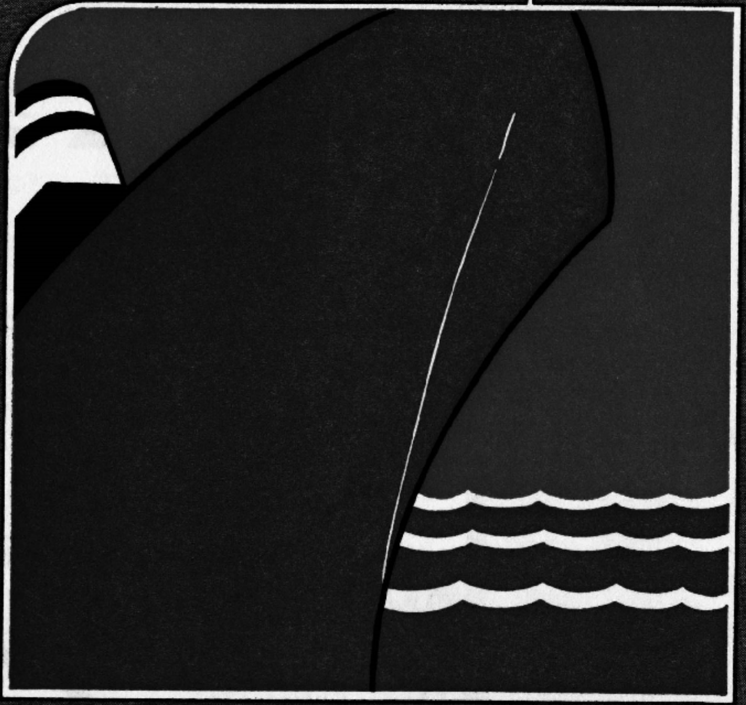
GLadstone 0275

All manufacturing done on the premises.





APÉRITIF



FOREIGN TRAVEL

★ ★ ★ ★ **EVERYONE** SEEKING A HOTEL IN **SAN FRANCISCO** AT WHICH TO STOP—OR IN WHICH TO LIVE—SHOULD **LOOK FIRST** AT THE **NEW**★ **FAIRMONT** NO OTHER HOTEL IN THE WEST CAN OFFER SUCH LARGE LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED ROOMS AT **SO REASONABLE** A COST.

Fairmont
HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

★All the old cultural distinction of the famous FAIRMONT atop Nob Hill pervades its newer popularity. Smart Night life in the clever Circus Lounge adds sparkle to tradition. Spacious, marine-view rooms gain refreshing charm from modern decoration. Rates $3.50 up.

You are cordially invited to inspect the Fairmont. Only 3 minutes from shops and theaters; garage within the building.

GEORGE D. SMITH,
Manager

Southern California Representative: Glen Fawcett, 510 W. 6th St., Los Angeles.

For the first time . . . the high road to romance . . . to Ensenada in Old Mexico . . is complete. Sixty-seven miles of paved road from the American border open the gateway to a new world. Hunting, fishing, hot springs and gaming casino at the Playa Ensenada.

Playa ENSENADA

BAJA CALIFORNIA IN OLD MEXICO

PH. 6965

THE LITTLE INN

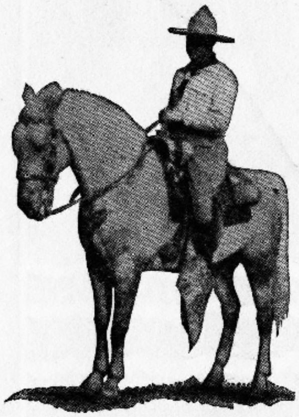
NEAR COTTAGE HOSPITAL

INVITES YOU TO

REST

ELECTRIC COOKING

ALL TRAY SERVICE.
RATES $3.00 PER DAY UP.
MRS. MARY LITTLE,
2403 Castillo St., SANTA BARBARA

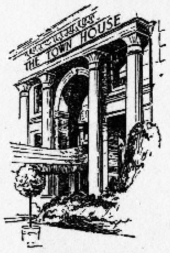


RANCHO CARMELO
IN THE HEART OF THE
CARMEL VALLEY

Splendid Saddle Horses
Excellent Cuisine

K. D. MATHIOT
MONTEREY, CALIF.

Southern California's finest hotel, where the busy executive's desire for privacy is really respected



The Town House
WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
OPPOSITE LAFAYETTE
PARK, LOS ANGELES

Hotel rooms from 5.00, suites from 12.50 . . . the year around

M. E. MORRISON, managing director

EL ENCANTO HOTEL AND VILLAS

TOP O' THE TOWN

On the Riviera of Santa Barbara. Above the old mission . . . overlooking the mountains and sea . . . cuisine of peculiar excellence.

All outdoor sports. Consistently low tariff. Guests have privileges of Edgecliffe Beach Club.

EDGECLIFFE BEACH CLUB

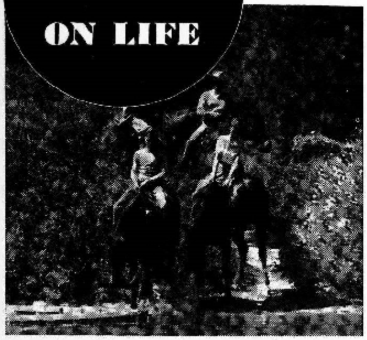
"CANNES" WITHOUT CROSSING

Eucalyptus Lane, Montecito . . . excellent beach . . . sun-tan beach . . . gay cabanas.

Redwood Lodge Cocktail House, featuring Jack Robertson . . . hot and cold luncheons. Entertainment under direction of Social Executive, Miss Ruth Davis.

Application for weekly, monthly or season membership may be made to Charles Bedell Hervey, Pres.

PHONE 92373 • IF NO ANSWER CALL 5231



A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

refreshing, pine-toned air

Lake Arrowhead

Lift your spirits above the clouds—to mile-high Lake Arrowhead, where sky-blue waters sparkle in the summer sun, and splendid mountains are the ideal background for carefree vacation days. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, boating, skeet, badminton. Ideal for children. The whole family will flourish on this carefree life.

NORTH SHORE Tavern
John Walton Green
Resident Manager

The Lodge
M. E. (Don) Olsen
Resident Manager

Preferred by guests of fastidious taste, for their fine appointments and incomparable service and cuisine. American or European Plan.
Send for New Lake Arrowhead Folder

LAKE ARROWHEAD
heart of the 597,000 acres
San Bernardino National Forest.
CALIFORNIA

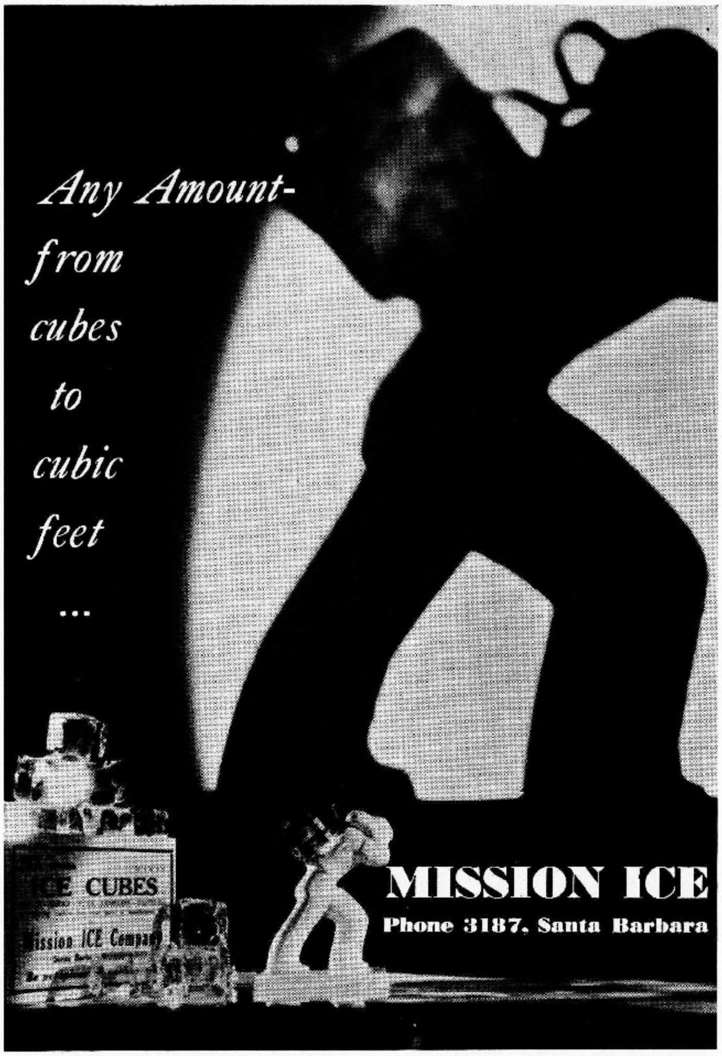
2½ hours from Los Angeles
SCENIC high gear state highway

Vacation in

CARMEL

Cottages Available
Rent • Sale

Segal Investment Co.
Ocean Ave. Near San Carlos
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA



Any Amount-
from
cubes
to
cubic
feet
...

MISSION ICE
Phone 3187, Santa Barbara

Sheffield wine cooler $25 . . . . Goblets $25 doz. . . . .
Wedgewood plates $15 doz. . . . . Sheffield Bowl $50
. . . . Salad fork and spoon $12 . . . . Candelabra $65 pair
Sterling salad forks $32 doz.

A. SCHMIDT & SON
3273 Wilshire Boulevard Los Angeles
Established 1869
SAN FRANCISCO 712 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK PASADENA

MANUIWA

Yes, I know you've been to Hawaii. And you had plenty of fun there, though you found "native life" and all that sort of thing a bit difficult to locate. Why, it isn't even a foreign country any more.

But Hawaii is the natural take-off point for countries that *are* foreign, and exotic, and primitive. It's America's front door to the South Seas. And, for that matter, there are a lot of things in Hawaii itself that the average visitor doesn't see or even hear about.

For instance, that burial cave somewhere near Waimea, on the Island of Hawaii, where a nude young Hawaiian woman lies as if about to wake any moment from sleep—though dead no one knows how many years. My friend visited that cave twice. The first time it contained only the bones of ancient chiefs. The second time, the girl was there—her body preserved by some freak of cavern dryness or volcanic chemistry, as fresh as if she had just fallen asleep. He sought the cave again—but he never could find it.

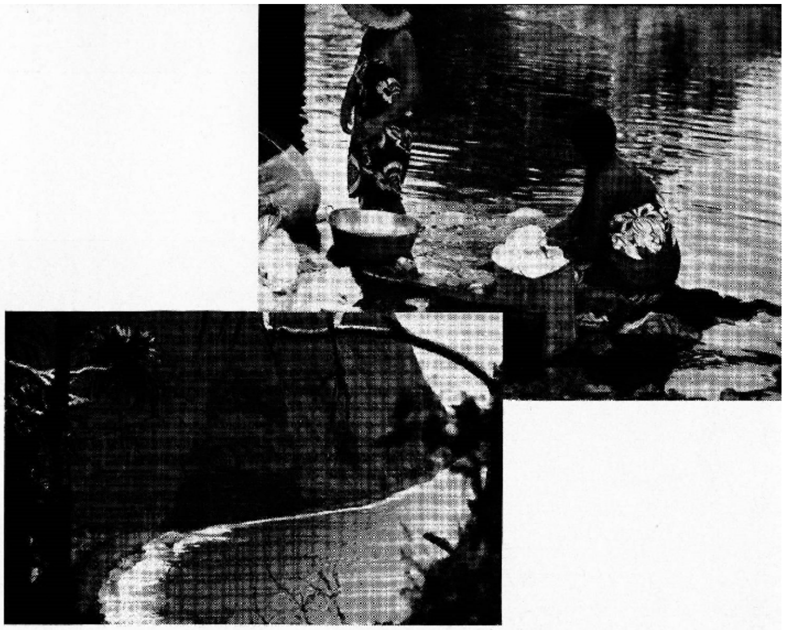
How many visitors to Hawaii have hunted olivines? How many have even heard of them? Semi-precious stones, that set beautifully into a ring or a scarfpin. There's a whole mountain of them, if you can bribe some native to take you there.

And speaking of mountains, take a pair of ski up Mauna Kea and glissade down long slopes of shimmering snow, only a few miles from the palms and surf.

However, if, with your own boat and your own time, or if prepared to ship on tramp steamers and trading schooners, you want to go places . . .

How about abandoned islands? The South Seas are full of them; Washington Island, for instance, a thousand miles south of Honolulu. All the tropical luxuriance you've read about, with fine modern houses standing in the midst of fruit gardens by a fresh-water lake—and nobody there! Used to be a copra island, but when sesame and palm and soy bean oil muscled in on coconut oil in the soap factories, corpra wasn't profitable any more, and the Britishers sailed away and left it.

Meetia, 90 miles from Tahiti, is another, where you can imagine, if you like, that the spirits of its for-



By CLIFFORD GESSLER

gotten inhabitants linger around the deserted houses and the fallen temple, where a lone banana plant drops ripe fruit on the sacred ground, untouched by the rats that infest the forest.

Or Henderson, far down in the southeast toward the Bounty mutineers' island of Pitcairn; as far as I know, nobody has ever lived there. But one could . . .

Or if it's native life you're looking for . . . try Maupiti. Everybody goes to Tahiti and Moorea and Borabora, but few go to Maupiti. Too hard to get to, for the average visitor, though it's not far from Papeete. Its people haven't had the money to go civilized. So they still build their houses out of bamboo and grass and reeds, and wear comfortably few clothes, and keep some of the quaint old Polynesian customs, so justly celebrated in literature, but so rare to find in real life today.

Nor does the run-of-the-mill tourist go to the Tuamotu. Copra schooners are not a mode of travel that appeals to comfort-loving Americans, and yachtsmen seldom know how interesting the Low Islands can be. I know a man, whose wife wears a string of beautiful pearls that he brought up with his own hands from low-island lagoons, though, with my usual luck, I opened some hundreds of shellfish without finding a single pearl.

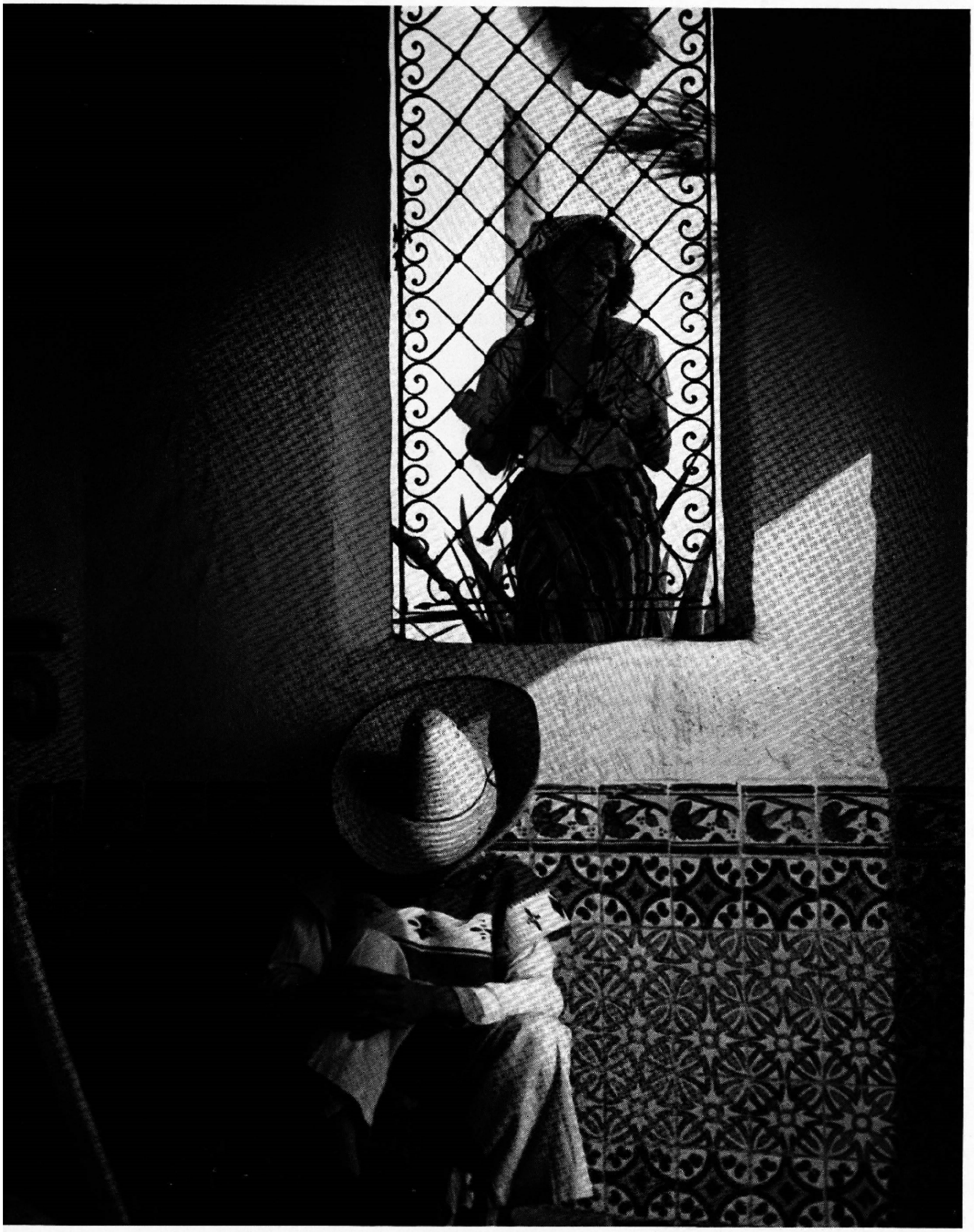
You might be disappointed in the Tuamotu, at first sight. They've sold enough pearls and copra so they could buy store clothes. And a lot of them live in ugly wooden houses with corrugated iron roofs. But not all . . . I know islands where no such house exists. And at night the young men and women meet in the moonlight by the shore and dance the love-dance, to chants older than time, and fade away two by two into the shadows, to the mats under the palms. The parents? They think it's quite right and proper. Just an old Polynesian custom. And can strangers enter into the simple pastimes of these happy natives? Well, it's not very difficult to get adopted . . .

And far down in the south, so far that even the trading schooners seldom get there, is Rapa. They have some more quaint customs at Rapa. In the old days the nineteen or so tribes were continually at war, and so many men were killed off that the male population remains unequal to the feminine contingent, to this day. At last report there were eighty-six unattached young women on the island, and any ship that calls there is practically besieged by them. You see, they keep trying to correct the balance; they want boy babies.

Rapa has its further peculiarities. Because of its warlike history, the men got into the habit of doing nothing but fighting. Now that there is no war any more, there is nothing for them to do. So they just sit around. Being officially warriors, they are too sacred to do any work; too sacred even to touch food with their hands. The women do all the work, raise and prepare the food, and thrust it into the mouths of the menfolk. A men's paradise? Well, perhaps. But the women, with all this activity and responsibility, have acquired certain habits of independence, and a powerful physique. I'd hate to get one angry with me.

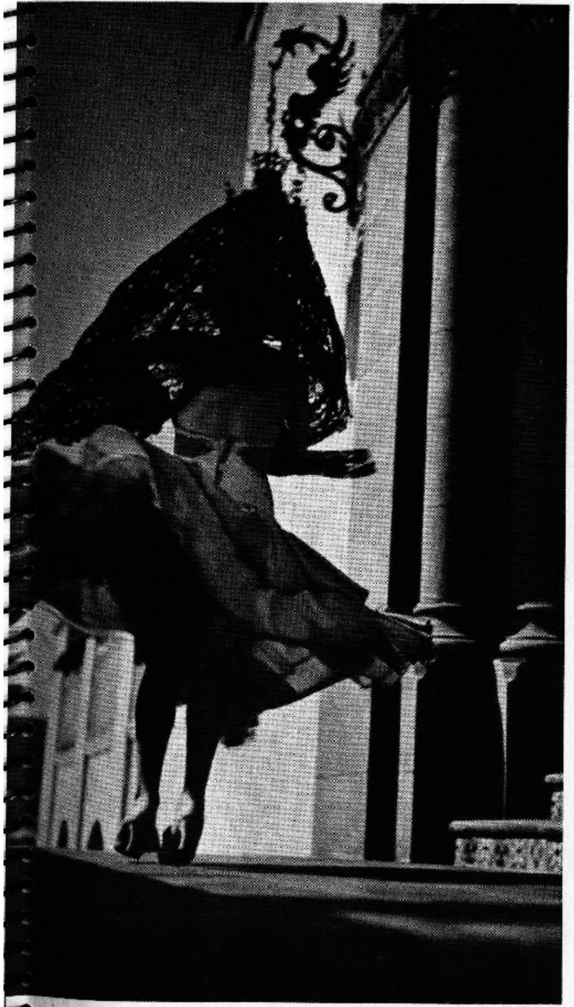
Still, when a Rapa girl lights a little torch and leads the way, snaking along over the winding trails to the love-caves in the mountain . . .

Well, there's no use talking about it. Do you have a yacht—?



ENSENADA

Shots by
Ted Cook
Story by
William Hughes



AND WHEN YOU COME ROUND THE BEND—

You will know the thrill that Columbus felt . . . and Balboa and Magellan and Vizcaino . . . Sebastian Vizcaino himself, commanding three golden galleons of Spain, who came sailing into this unbelievably lovely new world on All-Saints' Day, Anno Domini 1602. You have discovered a New World, too!

Perhaps you will stop a moment to drink it in . . . to feel your heart swell, and to shiver with the little tremors around your spine. You will pause to catch your breath, anyway.

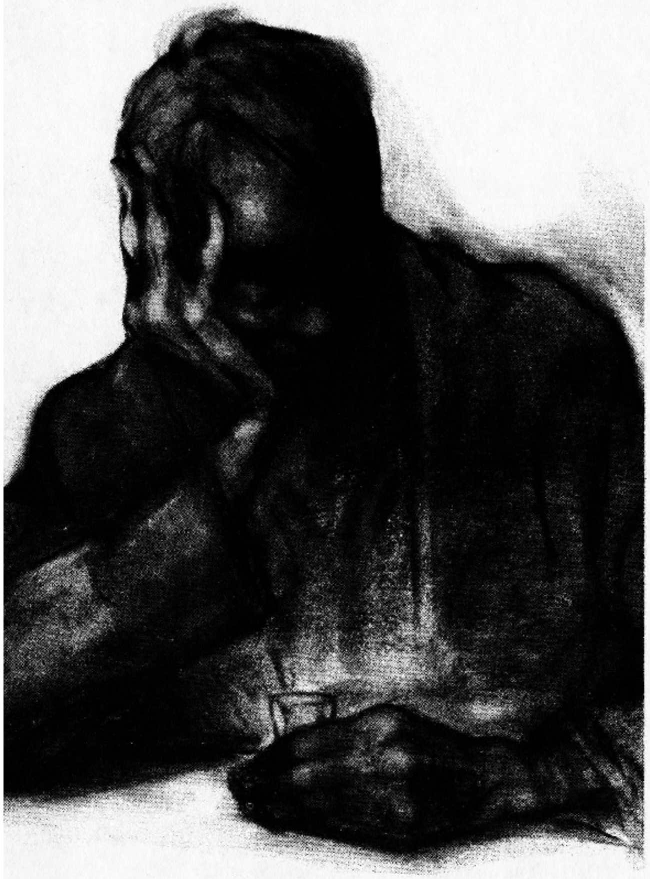
First, will come the town of Ensenada. Never have you happened upon such a sincere and happy-go-lucky little settlement. Everyone is all smiles and hospitality. The buildings of the town will either make you laugh or cry. An artist will reach for his pencil and the ordinary human will be content to sit and gawk in a genteel way.

Ensenada was the first town taken over by William Walker, filibustering American who desired to set up a Mexican empire for himself, and was so harassed by the natives in following months that he finally dumped his cannon into the bay and retired in discomfiture. Joaquin Murietta, Robin Hood outlaw of the Californias, made Ensenada his favorite hideout.

Ensenada is a treasure trove of glamor and historical color. Here Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his immortal "Treasure Island" and the Todos Santos Islands clearly visible across the bay were the actual subject of his theme. It has been whispered that real treasure . . . Spanish doubloons, East Indian precious stones and Inca gold are buried there.

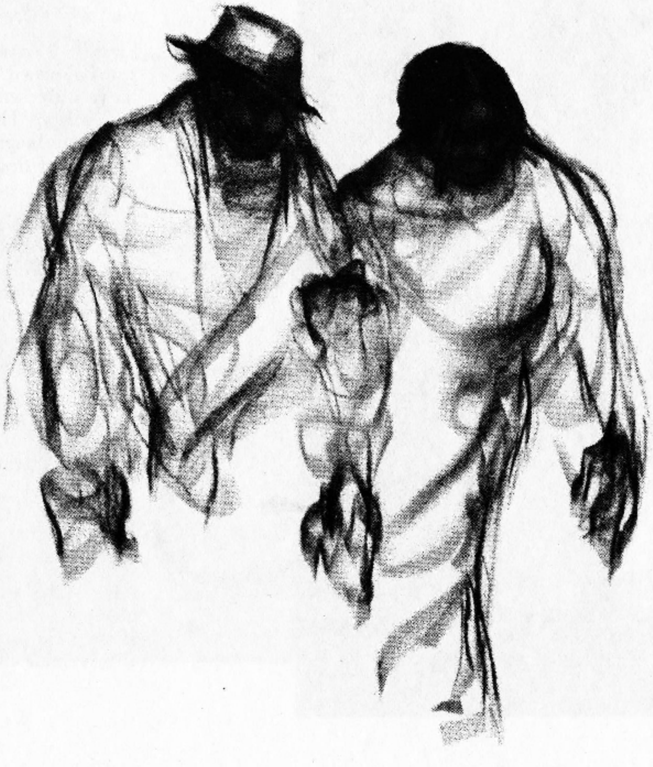
Night time will find one strolling about the enchanted garden walks or down upon the Ensenada shore. The most cantankerous will be starry-eyed with romance. The moon and stars have an extra

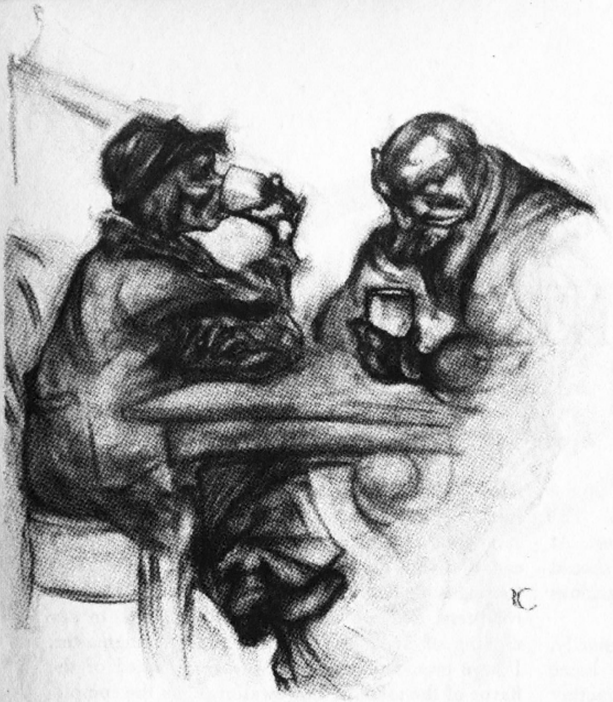
(Continued on Page 48)

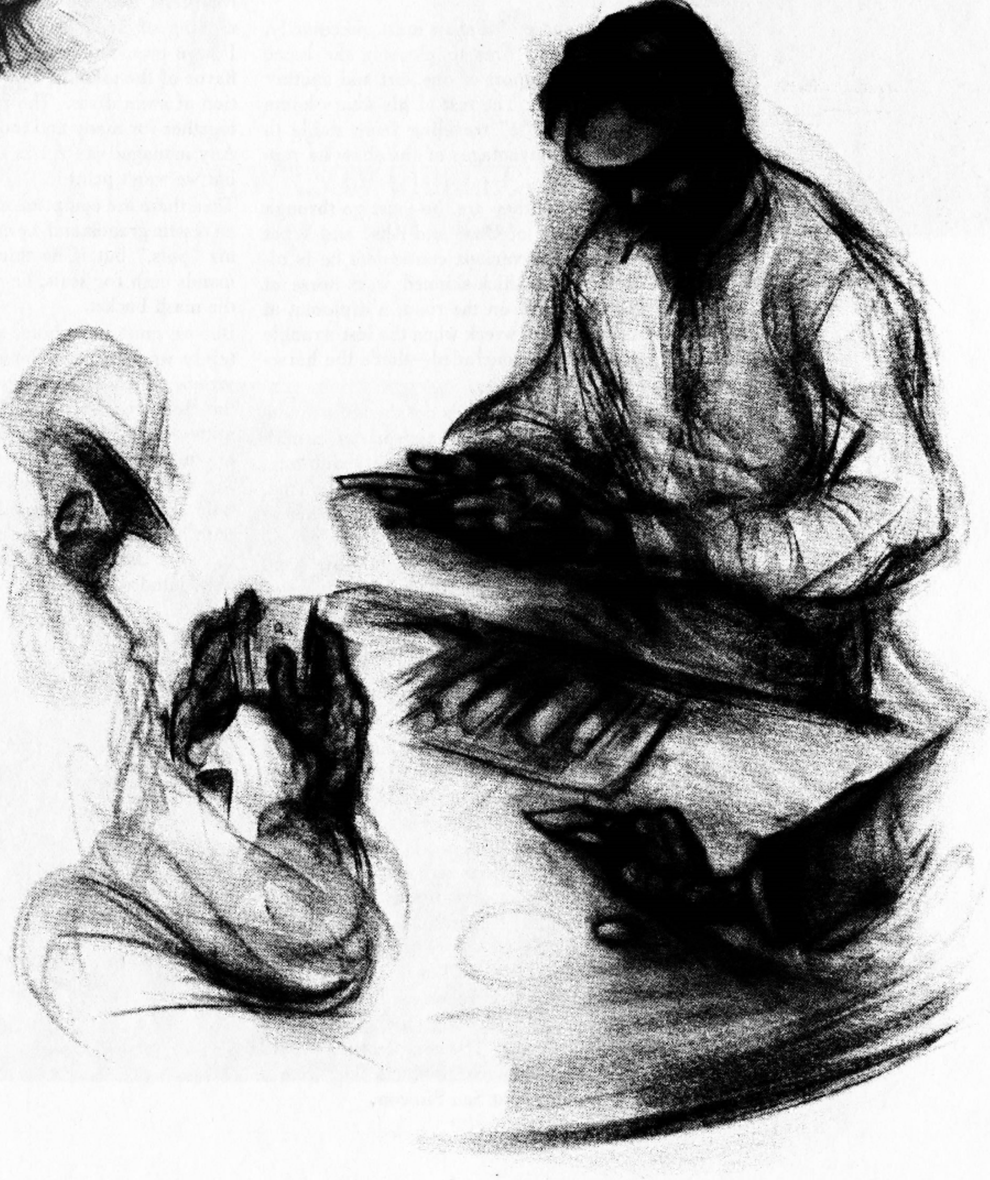


Reno Impressions

by Robert Caples







REVERSE AND CANTER, please

by Covert

The mark of the well-balanced horse-show is the predominance of entries from the outlands. The more outlandish (geographically) the better. At least seventy-five per cent of the contenders should be visiting firemen. This is the target the sagacious manager aims at.

The manager of a successful show must, necessarily, devote a great deal of time to pleasing the home folks and wringing support of one sort and another from local enthusiasts. The rest of his weary hours are spent in the "saddle" traveling from stable to stable, painting the advantages of the show he represents.

Horsemen being what they are, he must go through a tremendous mileage of Ohs! and Ahs! and What withers! etc., over the various contenders he is allowed to examine. A thick-skinned work-horse at home, a super-salesman on the road, a diplomat at all times, and a nervous wreck when the last wrangle over the last ribbon is concluded—that's the horse-show manager.

The fall guy at the horse-show is not the unfortunate rider of the jumper who turns handsprings in mid-air, but the manager who has to sort out exhibitors, judges and owners from the maelstrom of the ring. The only man who ever came away from a horse-show completely satisfied was a discharged groom who stole three saddles from his ex-employer and sold them ten minutes later to his ex-employer's brother.

The horse-show exhibitor is a keen sportsman. He must be able to spend the tremendous sums necessary to keep a winning stable going, and, like all keen sportsmen, he wants to win. In fact, he expects to win. Any interference with this program by judges is very upsetting and unlooses large howls.

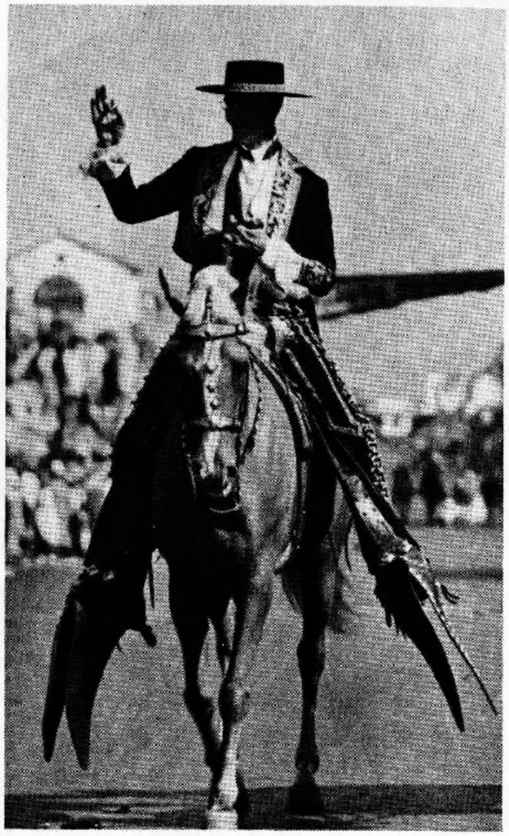
As it is considered very unsporting to complain to the judges in the ring, the manager's eardrums receive the full blast. And there are so many classes in a show. Hackneys of various weights; Saddlers of various styles and previous conditions of servitude; Jumpers (plain) and Hunters (fancy); Ponies (polo, Shetland, Welsh, New Forest, Hackney, etc.); Roadsters, Sedans, Coupes (I'm getting a little dizzy); Drafters (Shires, Percherons, Belgians, Suffolks, Clydesdales); Thoroughbreds, Standard Breds, Morgans, etc., etc. The complete list would make Heinz' little group of products look like a roll-call of Communists at San Simeon.

After the manager has this untangled to the satisfaction of at least a fair minority, he must deal with several other little matters. Show-rings are usually carpeted with tanbark or a similar substance. This footing is too heavy for the jumpers, too light for the roadsters, and too deep for the Shetlands, to say nothing of being too slippery for the ringmaster. I have even known riders who complained of the flavor of the tanbark they swallowed on the completion of swan dives. The jumps are always too close together for many and too far apart for many more. Any manager can fill in the rest of this paragraph, but we won't print it.

Then there are complimentary tickets. Unless he has an elastic grandstand, he can't possibly accommodate his "pals," but if he thinks of his budget and demands cash for seats, he winds up with his head in the mash bucket.

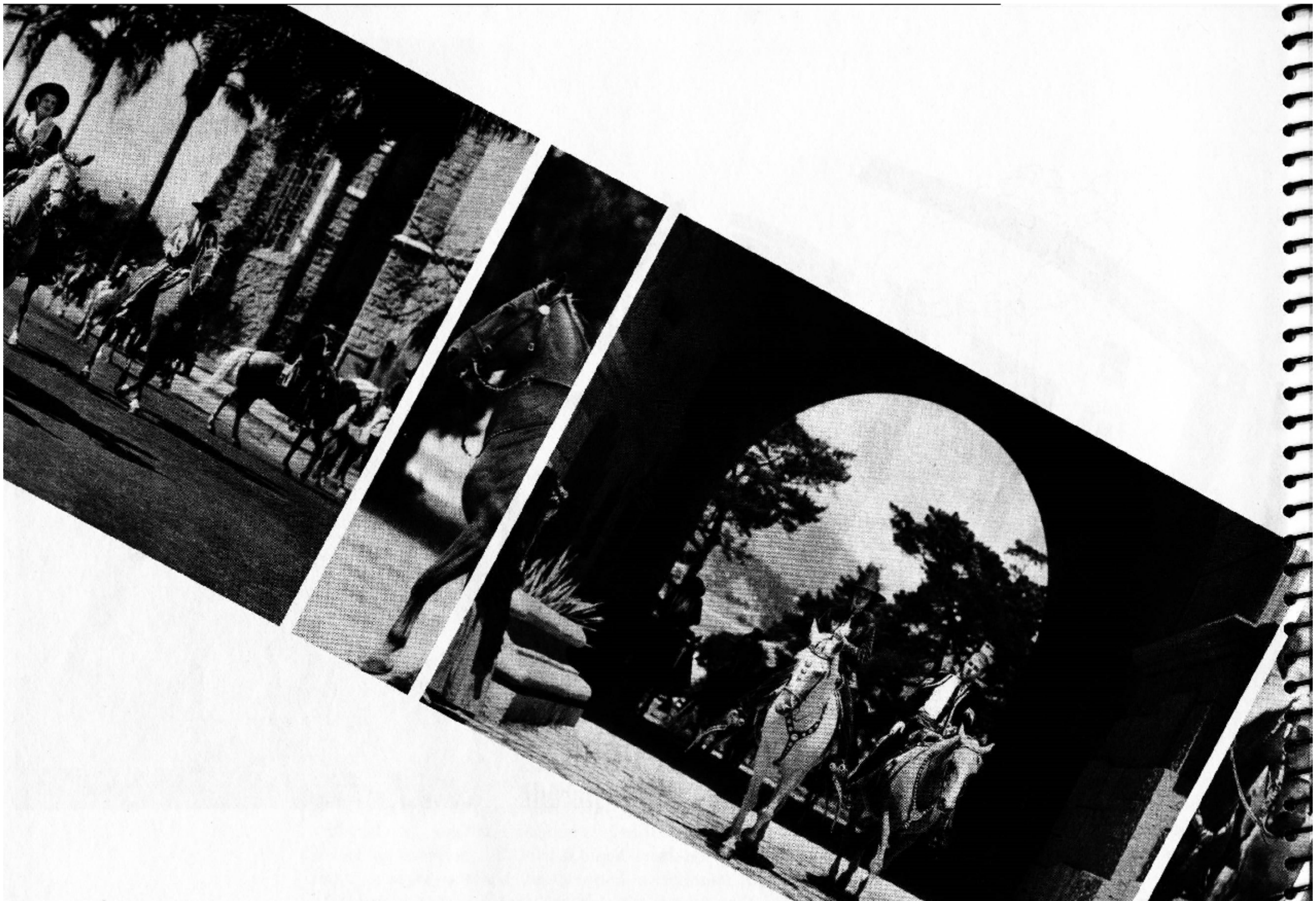
But we must have horse-show managers or we certainly wouldn't have horse-shows. Let this gloomy article be a warning to young men emerging from the cloistered walls of adolescence. Sit in on committees, exhibit horses, even ride 'em, but don't let any man or group of men wheedle you into managing a show. Not unless you think prematurely grey hair and furrowed features are distingué. I close with an appeal that some kind of Pulitzer Prize go to Santa Barbara's own Sammy Kramer; he's managed hundreds of 'em.

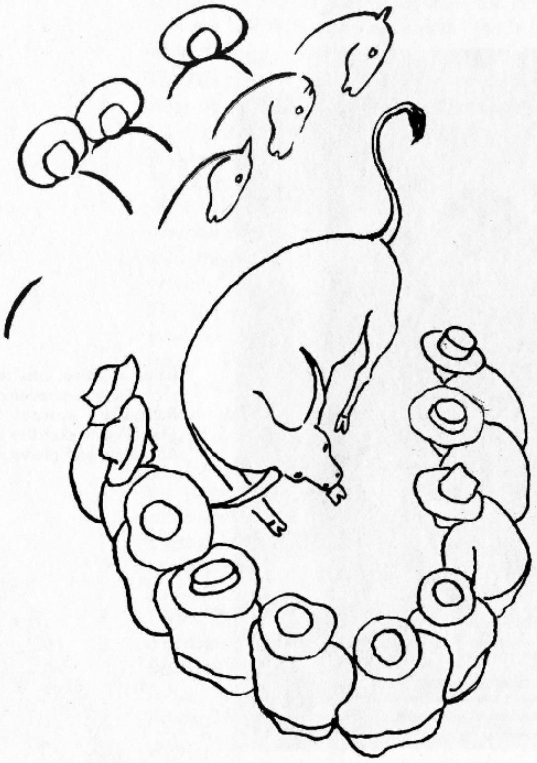
Fiesta!

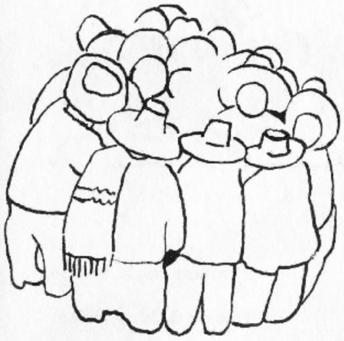


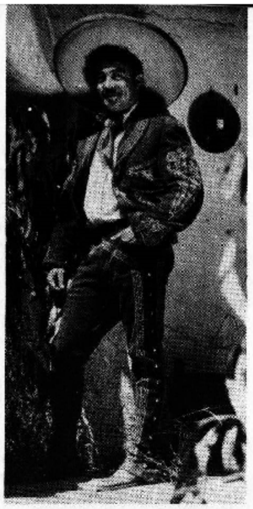
T. WILSON DIBBLEE
on parade

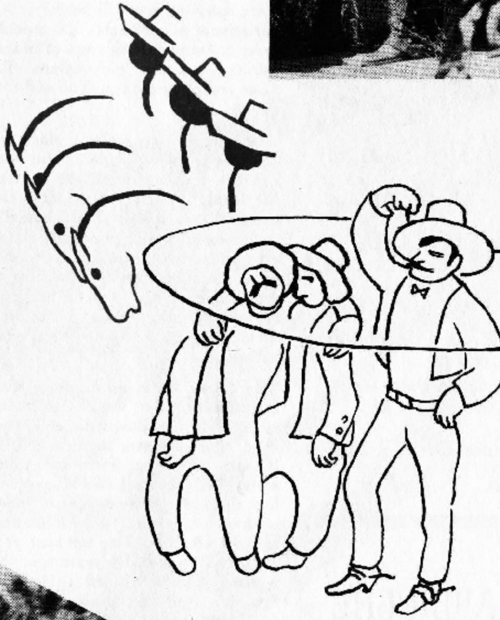
Being a fitting, and therefore pictorial, presentation of Santa Barbara's annual Spanish Fiesta—with sketches by Peter Abenheim and photos by Karl Obert.

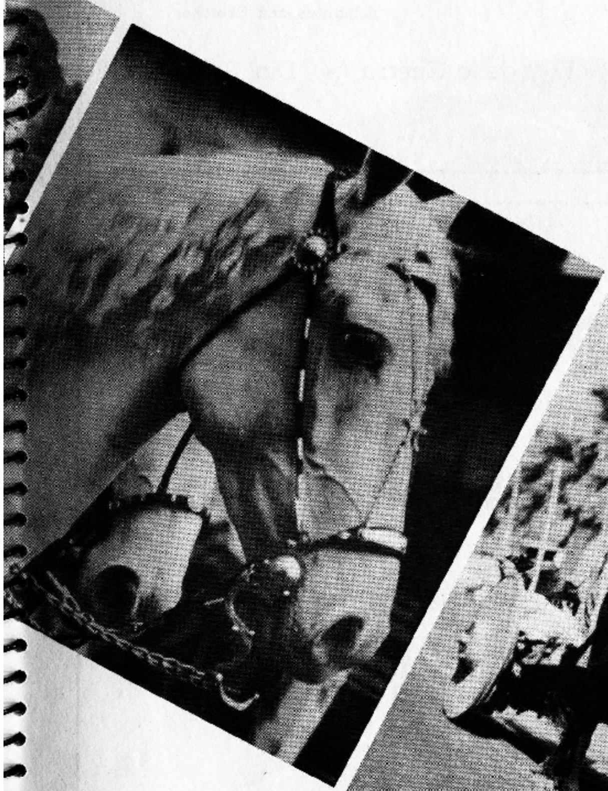


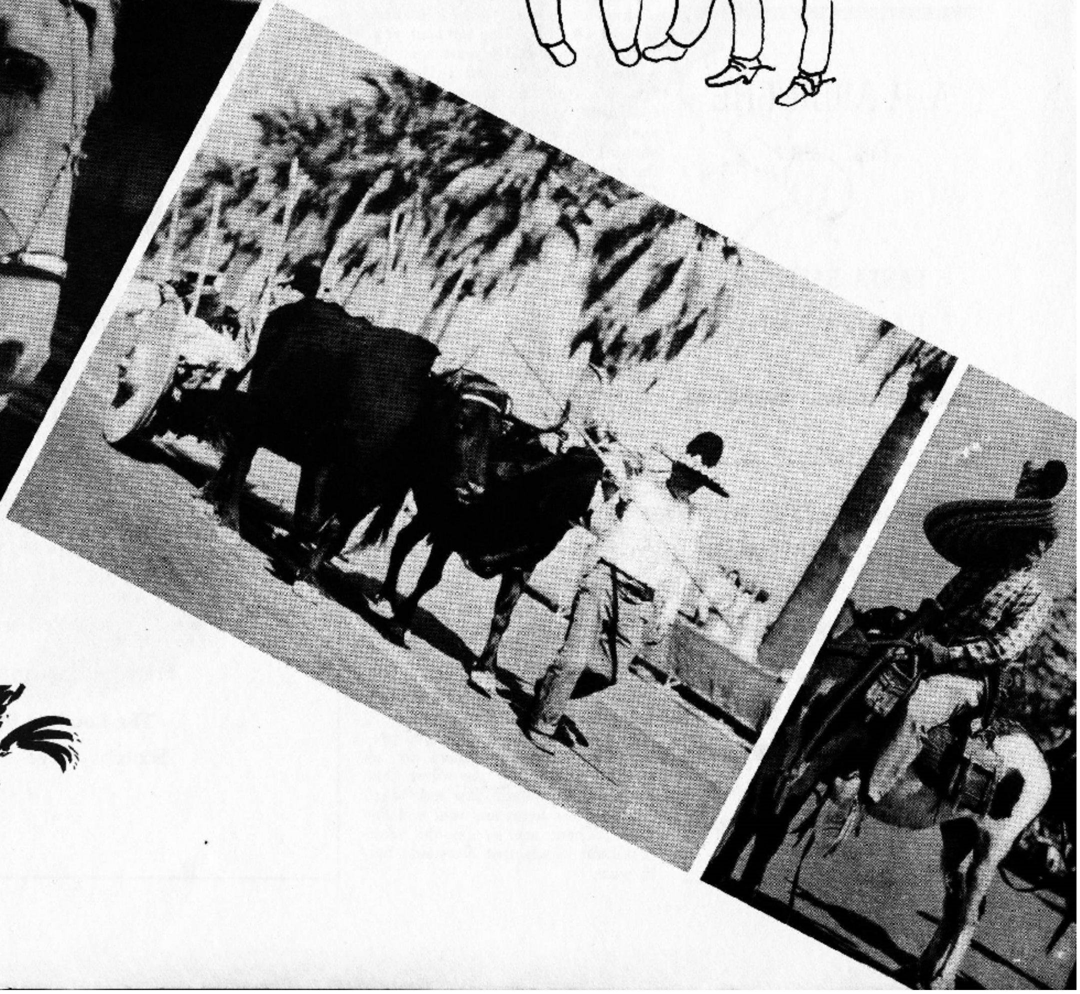












YES...
We Have IT!

THE BEVERLY HILLS
SADDLERY
Riding · Racing · Polo
and Driving Equipment

We Completely Outfit the Finest Stables in the West

413 N. Canon Dr. CR 7406

A. P. ARDINGHE
Real Estate
★
SANTA BARBARA
CALIFORNIA

Charles
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
BONDED
•
DOMESTIC AND SECRETARIAL
•
CATERING
•
COMPREHENSIVE INVENTORIES
•
1005 SANTA BARBARA STREET
PHONE 28146

ENSENADA

(Continued from Page 41)

fillip of magic in Ensenada and susceptible ones will require a chaperon.

Now is a good time to step down to the village and kick up the heels a bit. The natives will gleefully include you in their fun or show you ways to cook up some of your own. Furthermore, you have been wasting all these years until some dark-eyed devil whispers Latin nothings and somethings to you in that very special way. This night will be a gay one whether school keeps or not.

Next morning, you will be the active participant in a miracle . . . a miracle never accomplished in years of bromo seltzers, aspirins, pick-me-ups, Dr. Coue and oxygen bags. You will feel fine.

Ensenada is an excellent place for shoppers. One finds quaint and genuine articles produced by the Mexicans at prices far below the usual. Curio seekers find authentic specimens of pure Spanish and Aztec art. Perfumes, antiques, laces and various commodities are abundant in the tiny shops of Ensenada, and you are permitted to bring a hundred dollars worth back to the States without duty.

Side Trips: Here is a diversion with a charm peculiar to the particular vicinity of the Ensenada neighborhood. For instance, there is a little Russian village a few miles away where Moujiks and Molokhans follow the same customs and manner of dress as their ancestors in Crimea and the Ukraine. This remnant people left Russia many years ago, the victims of political and religious oppression, to find peace in Lower California. At the Alamo close by, one may experience the thrill of panning out a few grains of gold as the old Forty-Niners did in Upper California.

At Santo Tomas, a few miles to the south, is a beautiful little valley town with the largest winery in Mexico. Surely a place where one must stop to appreciate.

Not the least of the Ensenada attractions is the famous Hot Springs nearby whose benefits closely simulate those of the Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de Leon once vainly sought. Aches, pains and age are banished in these exhilarating waters. And at night in the magnificent casino of the Playa one finds the most exciting pastime of all. Here are the lights, the click of roulette, the lisp of baccarat and chemin-de-fer, the rattle of cups, beautiful women, the electric air of changing fortune, the green tables where life is most exultant. The Playa Ensenada is a grand place to seek our Dame Fortune.

These are certain points of Ensenada about which we can tell you . . . points that one can classify and present. But there are others not so easy to name . . . the effect that Ensenada has upon the individual . . . upon the heart and soul and the mind. These are by far the most important things that Ensenada has in store.

HARRIS' CABINET SHOP

Furniture made to order.
Store and Office Fixtures.
Repairing and Alterations, Upholstering and Refinishing.
Estimates and Sketches.

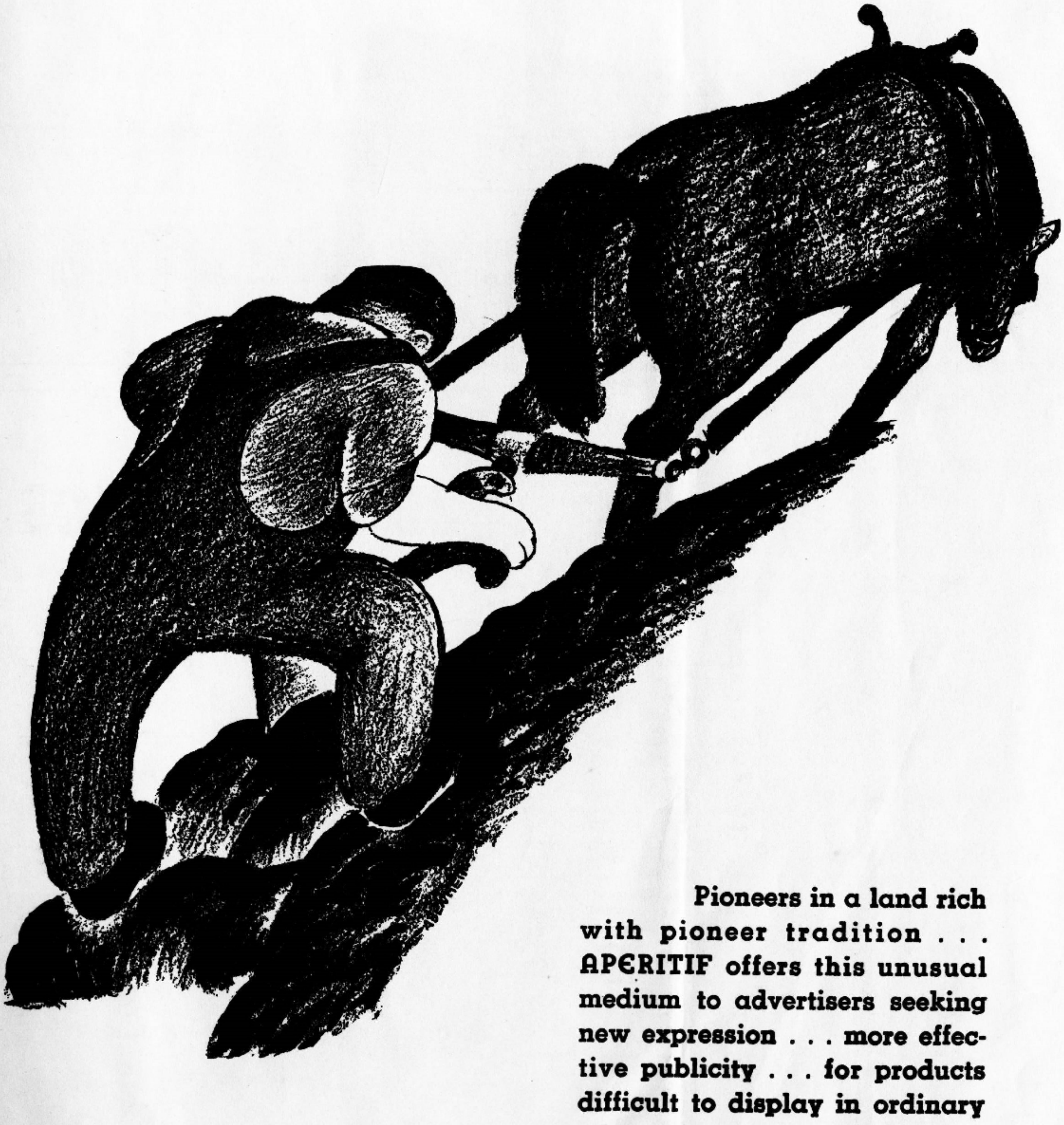
131 East de la Guerra + Dial 21244

JORDANO BROS.
DE LUXE
LIQUOR STORES

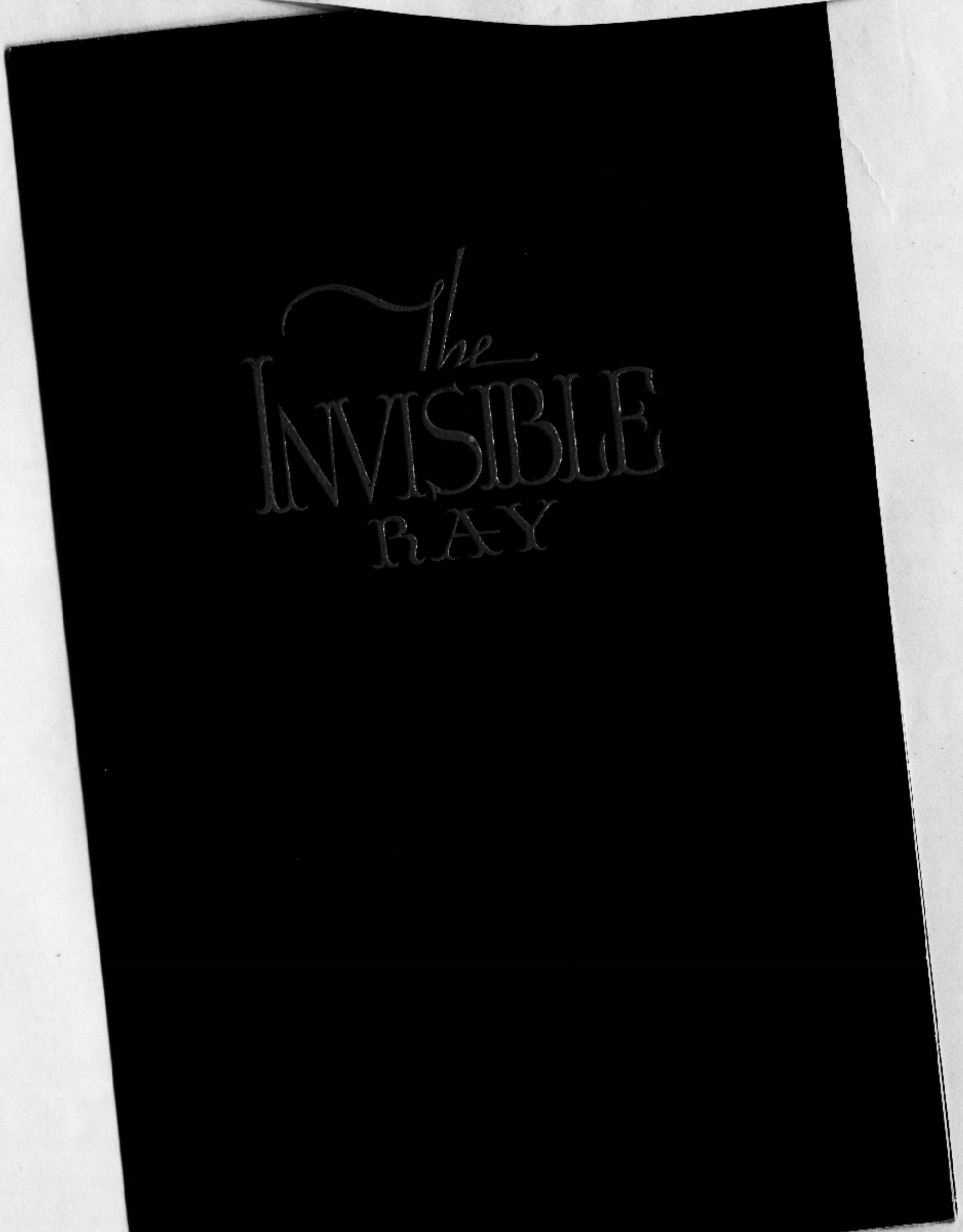
Store No. 1—31 E. C. P.
Store No. 2—632 State St.
Store No. 3—201 N. Milpas

Featuring Chilean Wines at Exceptionally Low Prices
The Finest in Imported and Domestic Wines
French and German Wines
The Leading Brands of
Scotch - Rye - Bourbon

PLOWING A NEW FIELD



Pioneers in a land rich with pioneer tradition . . . APERITIF offers this unusual medium to advertisers seeking new expression . . . more effective publicity . . . for products difficult to display in ordinary advertising.



The INVISIBLE RAY

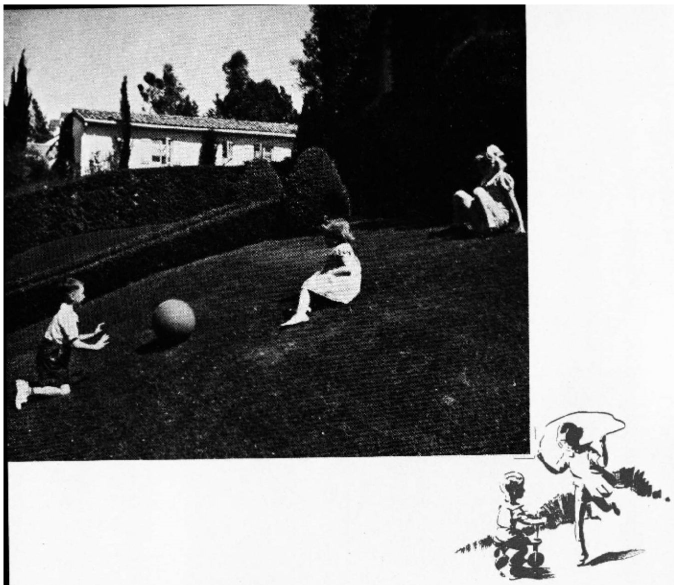
The INVISIBLE RAY

The INVISIBLE RAY warns immediately when any intruder or trespasser interrupts its beam.

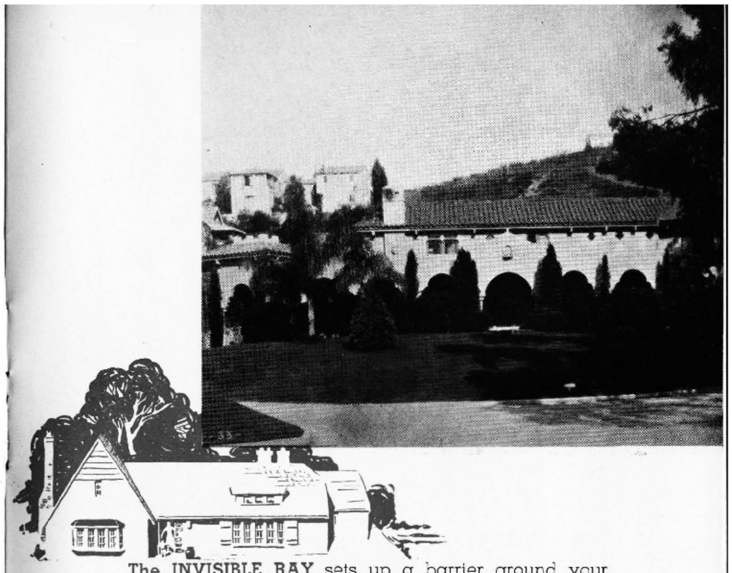
The INVISIBLE RAY cannot be tampered with, nor bribed, nor does it ever sleep or leave its place of duty.

The INVISIBLE RAY, by the same token, becomes a faithful servant when you purposely interrupt its beam.

ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING CO.
Incorporated
8282 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California
•
Telephone: WYoming 3241



The INVISIBLE RAY protecting your premises throws a cordon of guards—each invisible—standing shoulder to shoulder—sleepless—bribeless—around your children at play. Unhampered and unrestrained your youngsters are allowed to give full vent to their pent up, happy emotions. Any attempt to approach them from without, or any attempt on their part to stray from the premises, interrupts the "Ray" and instantly warns your watchman or servants. Possible harm to your children is thus prevented.



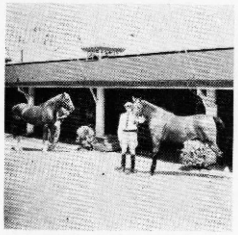
The INVISIBLE RAY sets up a barrier around your home that no marauder, however skillful, can surmount. The instant the "Ray" is interrupted, your grounds and house are flooded with light, your watchman or designated servant is warned, police summoned if desired and the offender captured or driven away by fear.

The INVISIBLE RAY will prevent any attempt to remove or tamper with valuable paintings, tapestries, rare pieces, antiques or other valued art objects. Lights will flash instantly, a buzzer warns your watchman or household and pilfering or tampering is immediately prevented.

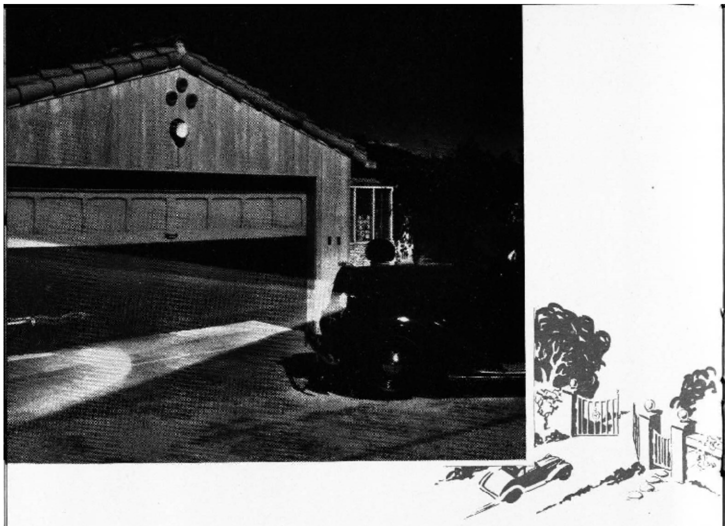
The INVISIBLE RAY becomes an alert, sleepless guardian of jewels and heirlooms which, on occasion, necessarily must be kept in a home safe. The home safe may be ample protection against the novice but has no terrors for a skilled burglar. **The Invisible Ray** quickly puts a stop to his depredations and no matter how skilled he may be, nothing he could do would prevent his detection.

The INVISIBLE RAY is a tireless sentinel, always alert to protect against fire hazards and is adaptable to indicate sudden temperature changes within the home, garage or stables signifying fire. These temperature changes will sound immediate warning through action of the Ray and in conjunction with a smoke detector unit will protect the premises from brush fires. The first wisp of smoke interrupts the beam and sets off an alarm or starts a sprinkling system as desired.

The INVISIBLE RAY as caretaker of your wine cellar will prevent pilfering of your rare wines and liquors. Rare old vintages are sometimes impossible to replace. The "Ray" as caretaker has no taste for them, he never sleeps nor yet "looks upon the wine when it is red."



The INVISIBLE RAY prevents the prowler from entering your stables or kennels and molesting your valuable horses or dogs. Your caretaker is warned of the approach of an offender by a sleepless, always alert guardian —the "Ray". The grounds and buildings are flooded with light, the alarm turned in and any malicious action is prevented.



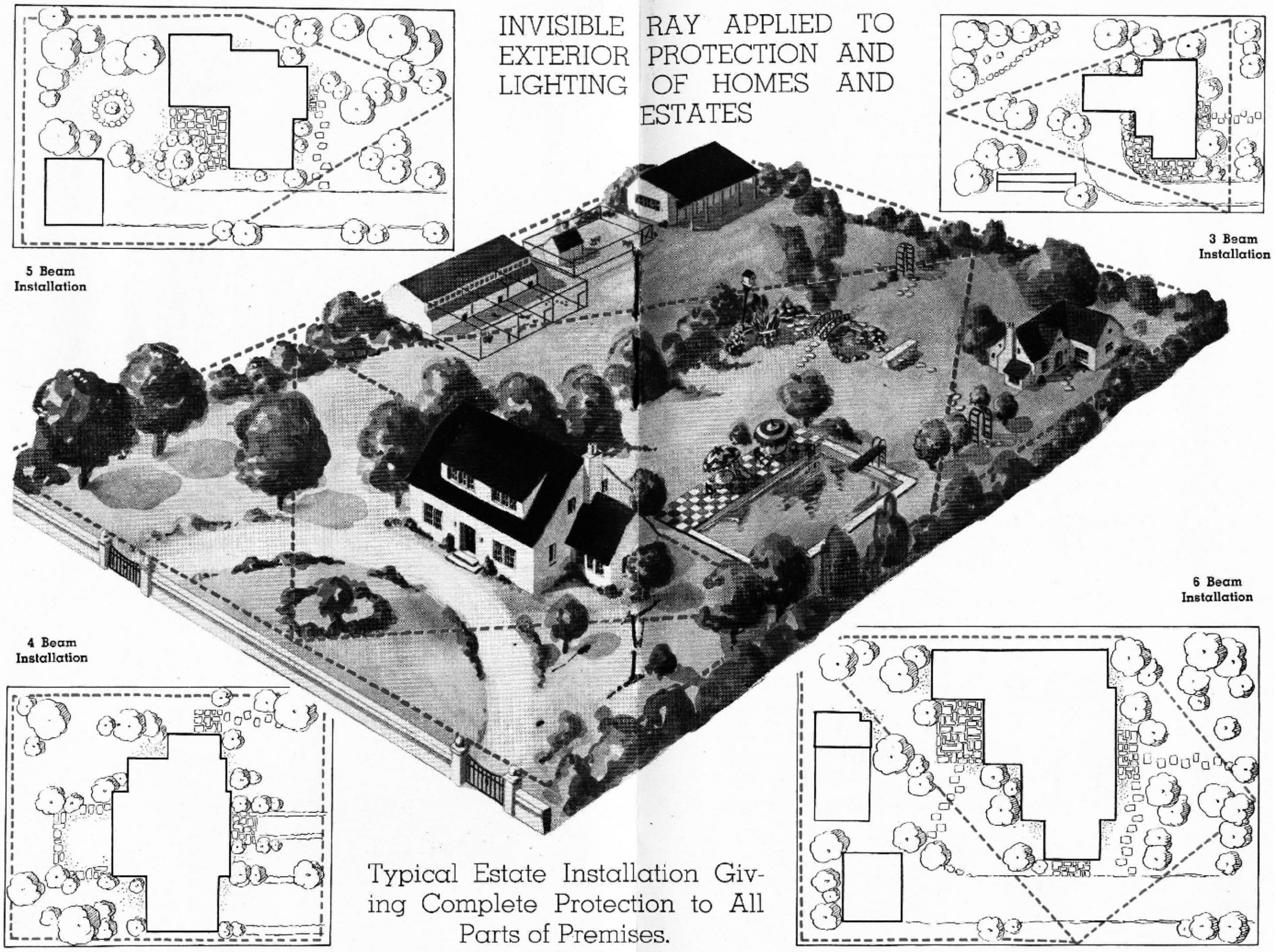
The INVISIBLE RAY is a reliable servant, and while never seen, is always on duty to open gates at night, light roads or pathways. It will open garage doors with your own private combination of flicking your headlights and will protect you with yard lights until you are safely within your home.

The INVISIBLE RAY will welcome your guests by opening the gates without their having to leave their autos. It will also announce their arrival and at night light the roadway to the house. The gates will be closed automatically after their entrance.

The INVISIBLE RAY prevents any attempt to enter the home through windows or doors and puts definite stop to "Second Story" workers. Any attempt to "jimmy" a window, any attempt to enter would immediately break the ray, light the premises, alarm watchman or other designated persons and frustrate the offender before he could enter the house. All windows and doors can be thus protected.

The INVISIBLE RAY warns against the approach of marauders. Interruption of the protective "Ray" brings on a flood of light and valuable fowl and rare birds are protected against theft or destruction.

INVISIBLE RAY APPLIED TO EXTERIOR PROTECTION AND LIGHTING OF HOMES AND ESTATES



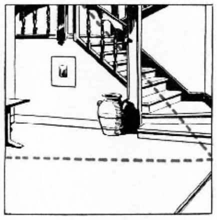
5 Beam Installation

3 Beam Installation

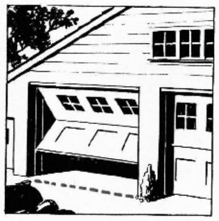
4 Beam Installation

6 Beam Installation

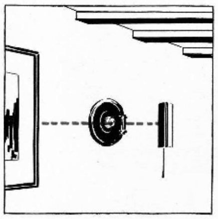
Typical Estate Installation Giving Complete Protection to All Parts of Premises.



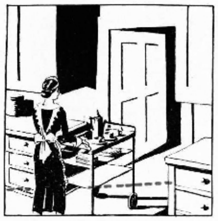
The INVISIBLE RAY can be used within the premises where no outside protection is desired. Persons walking across the floor or up stairways will break beam and immediately turn on lights and sound warning buzzer at annunciator panel.



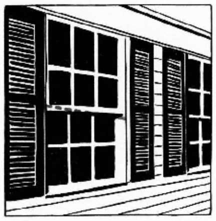
The INVISIBLE RAY is always on duty to open your garage door when you drive up to it. A buzzer within your home notifies your watchman or servants that you have returned, opens the garage doors and after you drive in you may close your doors from any point desired.



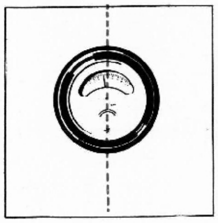
The INVISIBLE RAY prevents even the most adept criminal from tampering with your home safe. **Nothing** he can do will prevent the "Ray" announcing his approach.



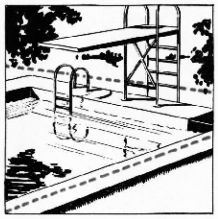
The INVISIBLE RAY opens and closes doors as desired and always at the proper moment. A servant approaching a door will cause it to open and the "Ray" by regulating stops will prevent a swing back which might cause breakage of valuable china.



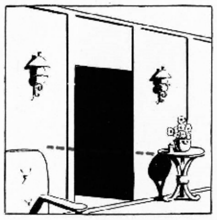
The INVISIBLE RAY can be applied to protect one or more outside windows as desired. No amount of tampering will in any way make it less effective nor will it be possible for an offender to enter without breaking the "Ray."



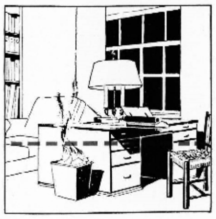
The INVISIBLE RAY is so sensitive that, when necessary, changes of as little as one degree will stop or start ventilating or heating equipment. Rare flowers, tropical plants, ferns or seed beds can be protected against frost or irregularities of heating plant. The "Ray" will instantly warn your gardener of dangerous temperatures, permitting correction before damage can be done.



The **INVISIBLE RAY** can prevent serious accident or perhaps drowning; a guest might stumble or fall into an unlighted swimming pool. His approach will bring on a flood of light and warn him of proximity of the pool.



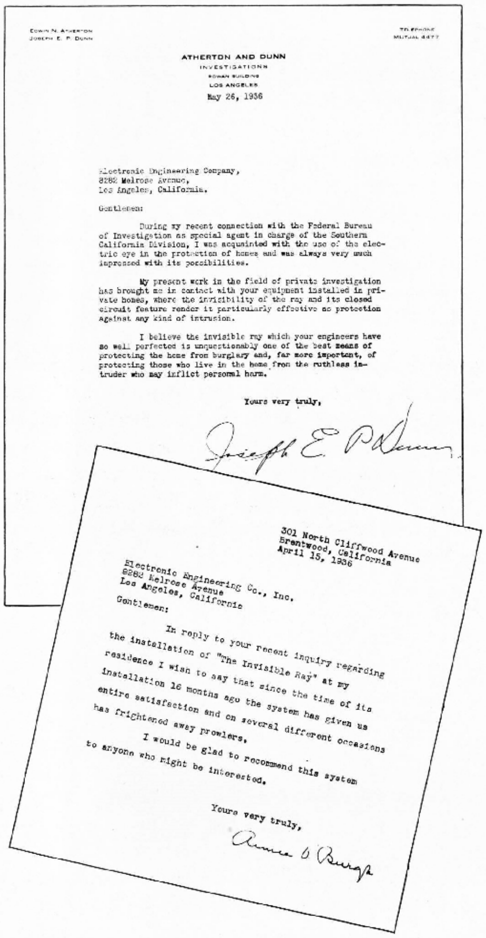
The **INVISIBLE RAY** can be made a plaything to amuse your guests or a protective feature to open panels and disclose bar or open sliding door to secret den. A raised finger, a whiff of smoke blown in a definite direction and the panels slide, the door opens.



The **INVISIBLE RAY** detects that carelessly thrown lighted match or cigarette. Sudden temperature changes or excessive smoke are instantly observed by this vigilant watchman. Serious fires and perhaps irreparable damage are thus prevented.

The INVISIBLE RAY is a scientific development of the Photo Electric Cell—closed circuit type—this type being absolutely tamper proof and, as developed by our Research Engineers after many years of intensive study and application, is applied to the protection of premises, valuables and as occasion may require becomes a servant to open doors, light grounds or path ways, alarm watchmen or servants, open sprinkling systems for fire protection or hundreds of other quite definite duties.

A very complex literature could be developed with the technical subtleties of the subject but the simple fact remains that today it is the most advanced method for properly safeguarding estates, homes, valuables, records, live stock and most important, children at play or in the nursery. Your home may be—with "Invisible Ray" protection—a **Restricted Paradise** or without it just an **Uncertain Shelter.**



EDWIN N. ATHERTON
JOSEPH E. P. DUNN

TELEPHONE
MUTUAL 4477

ATHERTON AND DUNN
INVESTIGATIONS
ROWAN BUILDING
LOS ANGELES

May 26, 1936

Electronic Engineering Company,
8282 Melrose Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:

During my recent connection with the Federal Bureau of Investigation as special agent in charge of the Southern California Division, I was acquainted with the use of the electric eye in the protection of homes and was always very much impressed with its possibilities.

My present work in the field of private investigation has brought me in contact with your equipment installed in private homes, where the invisibility of the ray and its closed circuit feature render it particularly effective as protection against any kind of intrusion.

I believe the invisible ray which your engineers have so well perfected is unquestionably one of the best means of protecting the home from burglary and, far more important, of protecting those who live in the home from the ruthless intruder who may inflict personal harm.

Yours very truly,

Joseph E. P. Dunn

---

301 North Cliffwood Avenue
Brentwood, California
April 15, 1936

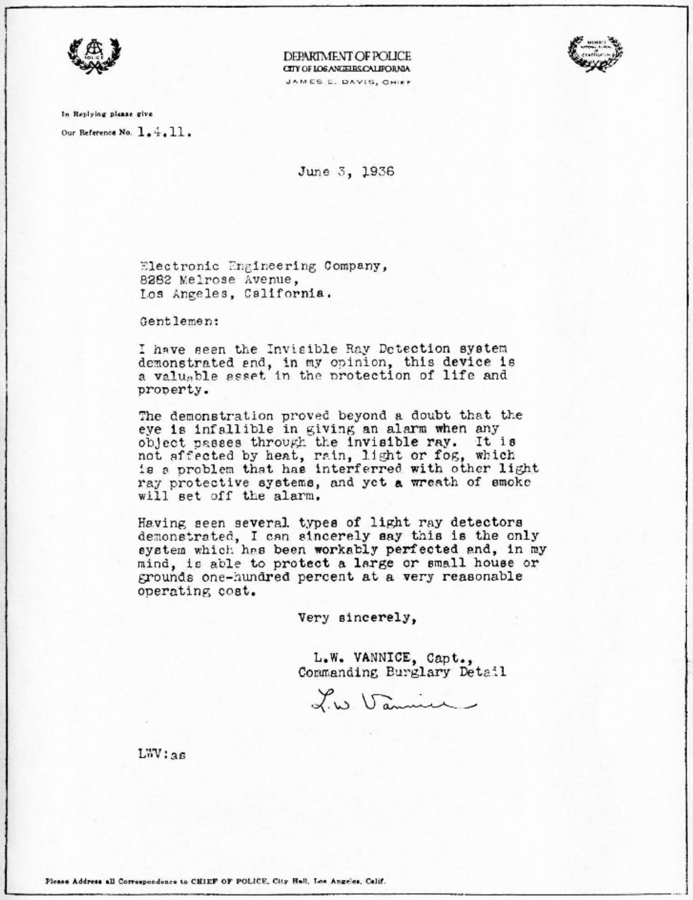
Electronic Engineering Co., Inc.
8282 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

In reply to your recent inquiry regarding the installation of "The Invisible Ray" at my residence I wish to say that since the time of its installation 16 months ago the system has given us entire satisfaction and on several different occasions has frightened away prowlers.

I would be glad to recommend this system to anyone who might be interested.

Yours very truly,



DEPARTMENT OF POLICE
CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
JAMES E. DAVIS, CHIEF

In Replying please give
Our Reference No. 1.4.11.

June 3, 1936

Electronic Engineering Company,
8282 Melrose Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:

I have seen the Invisible Ray Detection system demonstrated and, in my opinion, this device is a valuable asset in the protection of life and property.

The demonstration proved beyond a doubt that the eye is infallible in giving an alarm when any object passes through the invisible ray. It is not affected by heat, rain, light or fog, which is a problem that has interferred with other light ray protective systems, and yet a wreath of smoke will set off the alarm.

Having seen several types of light ray detectors demonstrated, I can sincerely say this is the only system which has been workably perfected and, in my mind, is able to protect a large or small house or grounds one-hundred percent at a very reasonable operating cost.

Very sincerely,

L.W. VANNICE, Capt.,
Commanding Burglary Detail

L.W. Vannice

LWV:as

Please Address all Correspondence to CHIEF OF POLICE, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.

The INVISIBLE RAY
has many
COMMERCIAL USES

Protection of
WAREHOUSES
STOCKROOMS
CASH DRAWERS
LOADING PLATFORMS
SAFES AND VAULTS
LIQUOR STORES
HANGARS

Opening and Closing of Heavy or Light Doors and Swinging Doors
Sorting by Color
Counting of Machinery Parts, Fruits, Nuts or other objects
Smoke Detection
Temperature Control
Machinery Control

Our technical staff would be pleased to confer with you regarding problems of plant protection or any of the many tasks **The Invisible Ray** can perform for you more efficiently and more economically than is now possible.

●

ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING CO.
Incorporated
8282 Melrose Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Telephone WYoming 3241

Names of users and applications submitted on request.
All installations are confidential.

May we send a technician from our engineering department either to your home or office with portable "Invisible Ray" equipment, to demonstrate its possibilities. We are desirous that you have first hand knowledge of this simple electrical, yet almost human, guardian and take this means to acquaint you.

You may not have a particular application in mind but in your home or business there may be many uses as yet unrevealed to you. Among your associates there are perhaps some who could make profitable use of the "Invisible Ray."

In granting this request you place yourself under no obligation. We are very anxious to acquaint you with this latest development of the Short Wave Photo Electric Cell as applied to home or business protection. Please invite any of your employees, friends or police officers to witness this demonstration. The enclosed envelope makes it convenient to arrange an appointment.

ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING CO., INC.
8282 MELROSE AVENUE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The
ARCADY
Apartment Hotel

In the heart of the smart Wilshire district. Near famous shops and theatres . . . twenty minutes from the Pacific . . . fifteen minutes from Hollywood.

Beautiful
Pompeian Dining-Room

Rates from $3.00 daily;
from $75.00 monthly

2619 Wilshire Boulevard

LOS ANGELES

Villa Rosa
at the
BILTMORE
SANTA BARBARA - CALIFORNIA

Silver ◆ Gifts

Exquisite Imported
and Domestic Linens
Laces

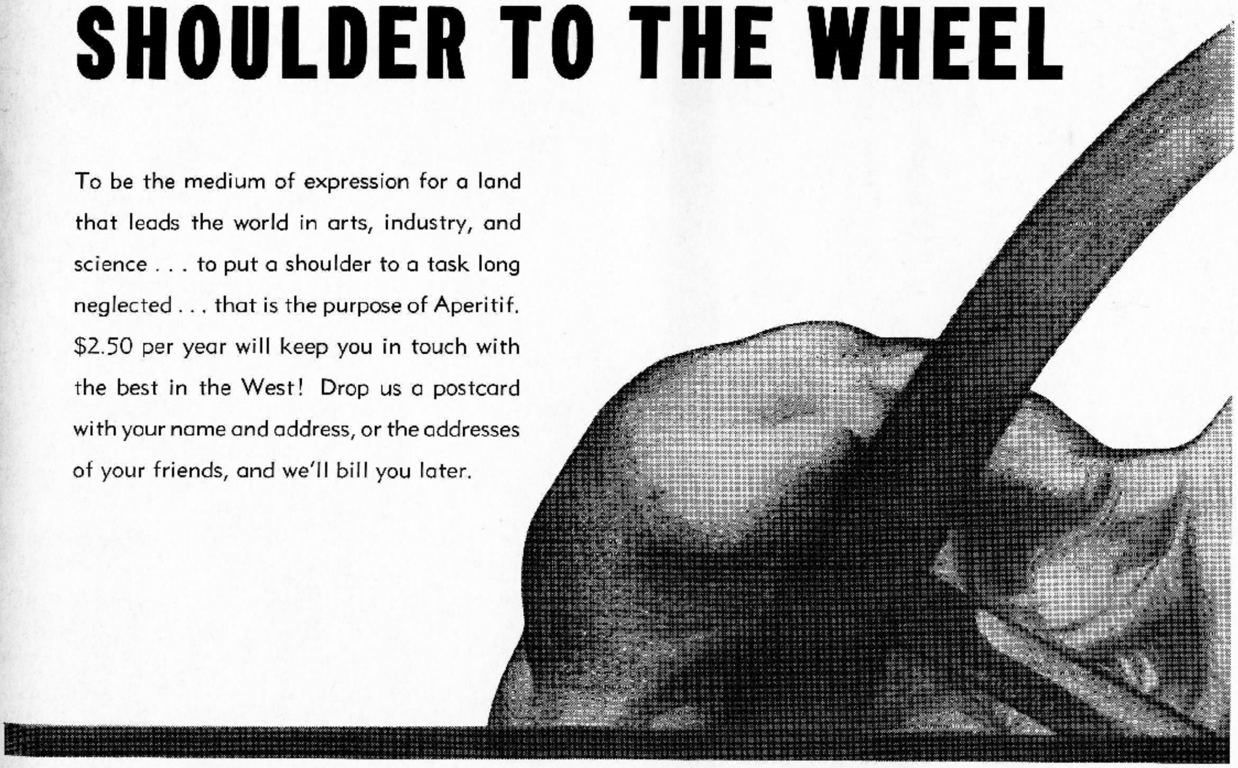
LIKE THE DEW
ON THE DAISIES

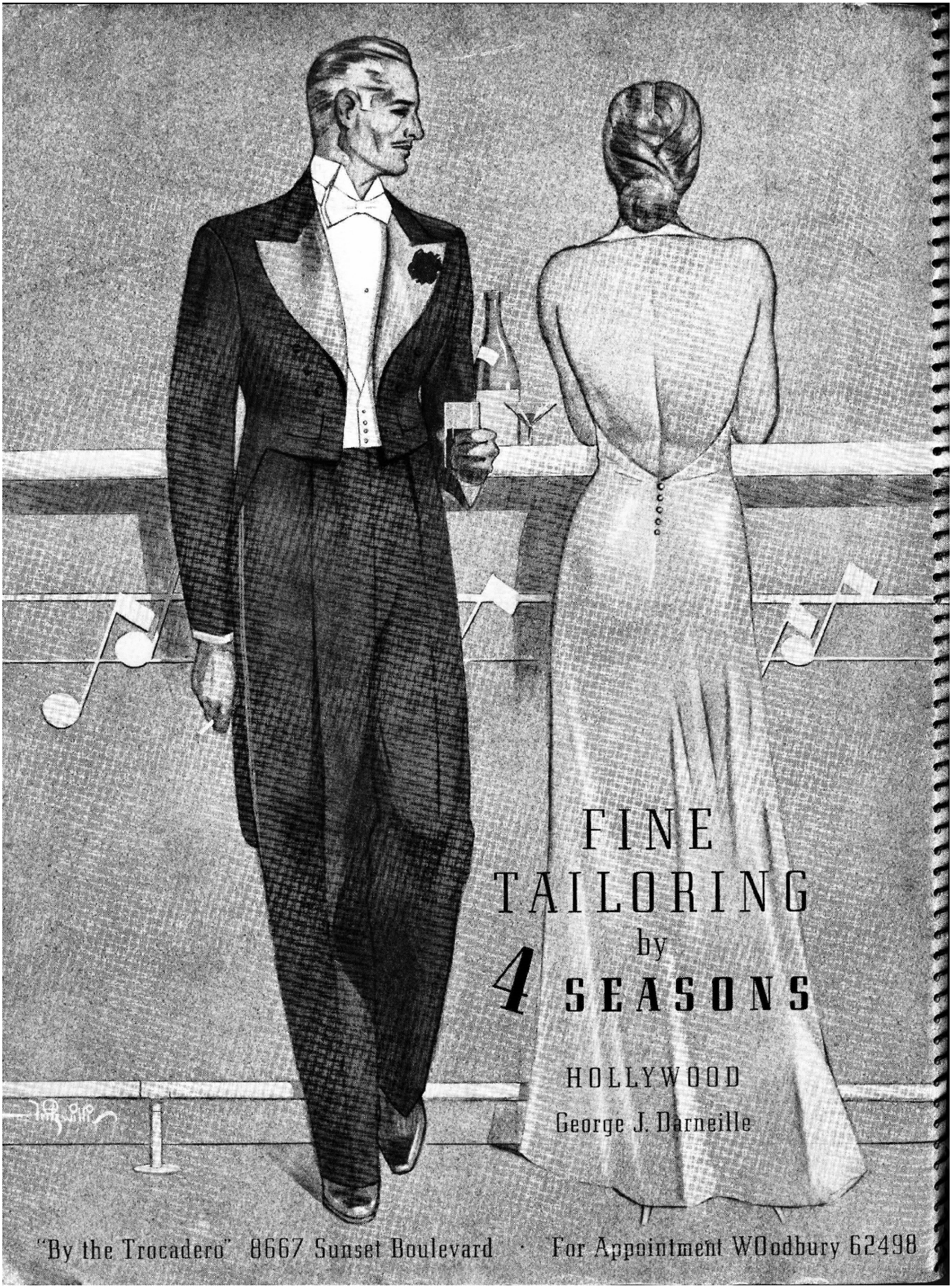
As you open the carton you sense at once the aroma of purity and freshness in Golden State Butter. There has been dew on the daisies more than 11,000 mornings since Golden State began supplying Californians with quality dairy products.

Golden State
MILK · CREAM
ICE CREAM · BUTTER
EVAPORATED MILK
COTTAGE CHEESE
BUTTERMILK
GOLDEN STATE DAIRY PRODUCTS
YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY

SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL

To be the medium of expression for a land that leads the world in arts, industry, and science . . . to put a shoulder to a task long neglected . . . that is the purpose of Aperitif. $2.50 per year will keep you in touch with the best in the West! Drop us a postcard with your name and address, or the addresses of your friends, and we'll bill you later.





FINE TAILORING by 4 SEASONS

HOLLYWOOD

George J. Darneille

"By the Trocadero" 8667 Sunset Boulevard · For Appointment WOodbury 62498